Chats with the BERNARR MACFADDEN FAMILY . . .

By GRACE PERKINS

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Here is an intimate visit behind the scenes in a millionaire's mansion—glimpses into the lives of one of the most interesting families in the country—the actual demonstration of the value of Mr. Macfadden's principles of family life. From this family history you can learn how to guard the health of parents and children; how to defeat sickness; how to manage diets. It is a complete handbook of child-training, a guide to the solution of marital problems, a discussion of all the delicate questions of family life that Bernarr Macfadden has always met with such honesty, frankness and courage. $2.50

CHATS WITH THE MACFADDEN FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Bernarr Macfadden.

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By

GRACE PERKINS

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CHATS WITH THE MACFADDEN FAMILY

Chats With the Macfadden Family

Chapter I

A Marriage and a Honeymoon

If I had a million dollars!

What one of us has not ventured that fancy and figured elaborately our mode of living if we attained that sum—the standard of wealth in these United States! Yachts, round-the-world trips, a wardrobe that would set the style society, and oh yes—charities.

Often we read of the lives of millionaires—in the newspapers or in class magazines that cost thirty-five or fifty cents a throw. Such and such an heiress sails for Europe with a wardrobe and a suite that would chagrin royalty. Such and such a yachtsman is involved in a divorce scandal; Mrs. Bank Breaker was entertained at the home of Lady Foreign Accent. We read about them, and envy or admire.

This is the story of a millionaire and a millionaire's wife and family. A true story—for this particular millionaire has learned that true stories are the kind people like best. And perhaps in reading it, it will be found that the life of this wealthy family is not so different from that of Mrs. Smith from Nebraska or Mrs. Jones from Kentucky.

CHATS WITH THE MACFADDEN FAMILY

The home life of Bernarr Macfadden is very much like the home life of the average American families. There are seven children, for Mr. Macfadden believes in large families. Mrs. Macfadden believes that being a home-maker is a complete and wholly desirable career in itself, and she believes wholeheartedly in a large family, too! She has seven children to watch over, and many servants to drive her to distraction. But then, you see, she doesn't play bridge, or belong to clubs or go to cocktail parties. Though she has time for other things—strange, surprising hobbies that few people would accuse her of.

Yet the family story of the Bernarr Macfaddens is really a dramatic, unusual and astounding story. Bernarr Macfadden himself contends that we all have one story to tell, and if we told it truthfully it would be as absorbing as any best-selling novel.

Millions of people know Bernarr Macfadden, his work and his opinions. Perhaps no publisher living today is as personal matter to his readers. He has been loved and followed, scorned and persecuted as truly as if he had founded a church. His physical culture converts have been as fervid and devout to his teachings as if he were an Avatar preaching a new religion. His creed of health has changed many of the laws of our country and innumerable customs and conventions in our lives.

It is a well-known fact, too, that Bernarr Macfadden is

a self-made man. A genius with an idea—who made that idea become as much of a necessity to his fellow-beings as buttons or safety pins, and as much a part of their recreation and entertainment as their automobiles and radios. The story of how he was born out in the Middle-West of poor people, of how he had found himself orphaned and penniless and was taken in by poor relations when he was a mere toddler, or how he was told that he would never grow up because he had consumption and would die before long just as his mother had—and of how he refused to die and determined to grow up to be a strong healthy man—all these things about Bernarr Macfadden are no secret. He is past sixty now—and though he has made his millions out of a capital that would not have bought a mongrel-pup out of a Bide-A-Wee home—he figures that it will be another good score of years more before he might plan on retiring like so many successful men of his age who try to "enjoy" their millions by dawdling over a golf course and fuming because they can't get back into the swim. Perhaps today more than ever he is the Big Chief of his huge publishing business, the First and Final Word on his many other enterprises. There is no keeping track of the man. No budding Sophomore at college could be more ambitious than Bernarr Macfadden at this moment. Now he has bought an airplane, and flies from here to Texas, or his eves gleam as he tells you at the dinner table how it feels

to fly *above* the clouds over the Alleghenies. Now he has bought a Military School down South and intends to run it on a physical culture basis. Tomorrow he will probably buy a girls' school somewhere also where he can turn out a hundred girls or so who have learned how to be happy. He is just on the verge of issuing three new magazines. Tomorrow the Airplane Newspaper may appear daily. As for his real estate ventures—nobody but Mr. Macfadden himself could keep track of those!

There is an old story about an editor at the Macfadden Publications who was asked at a dinner party just how many magazines Macfadden had. "Eight," he said. "At least it was eight when I left the office tonight."

That remark was a perfect summary. No one can keep score of the man. He's apt to be full of "crazy ideas"—ideas apparently so downright "idiotic" that half his editors and advisors will talk themselves hoarse to keep him from putting them into execution. He will listen attentively and agree with them whole-heartedly. Then he will calmly give orders to get action at once on the idea—and a few months later his "crazy" plan will be coining money.

It is amazing—the curiosity that exists about Macfadden. As a family man, he is much of a mystery. Occasional photographs of four or five round-faced smiling blonde daughters are printed, and that is as much as most people know about his personal life. But the questions that are

politely hurled, given the opportunity, at friends of the Macfadden family are perfectly delicious,—for they show that the man is something of a legend.

"What is Mrs. Macfadden like? She's English, isn't she? Does the family really eat raw meat? Don't the children ever get sick? And what has he got to say for himself when they do? When you go up to their house for dinner, what do you do if the family is fasting? What is their house like? How many rooms did you say? And is it beautifully furnished? My goodness, that doesn't speak so well for the rough simple life, does it?"

So here are the answers to those and all the other questions that people would like to ask about the Macfadden family. Here is the story of one large family—American millionaires, and how they manage to live an undisturbed home life though they are the center of many curious eyes.

Mrs. Bernarr Macfadden was born in Yorkshire, England, on July 13, 1892. As it happens, she is a mistress in the art of making Yorkshire Pudding—and thirteen has always been her lucky number. As compared to the childhood environment of Bernarr Macfadden, Mary Williamson was a well-to-do little girl in a very comfortable family. Which of course does not mean that she was rich! Only a year ago Mrs. Mcfadden made the remark that she thought it would be an excellent thing to vary the Beauty Contests in the newspapers with a Housekeeping Contest to see how many

girls under twenty could really cook and sew and keep house. But that only shows how "old-fashioned" she is! There would be no draw for the newspaper there—for girls are eager to be called beautiful and totally disinterested in being called capable.

Just the same Mrs. Macfadden wouldn't trade her busy childhood for any other. She thinks that all girls and all women should be able to shine in true domesticity as the home is primarily a woman's world. It is Mrs. Macfadden's contention that no woman should ask her servant to do what she could not do herself, or to live in quarters that she could not be contented in, were she in the servant's place. If any woman would go into her own kitchen and get breakfast one morning, or dinner one evening, she might find innumerable difficulties that could easily be overcome;—by extra utensils, or an extra shelf.

By nature, Mary Williamson Macfadden is active, vigorous and energetic. Besides these household tasks as a child, she went to school; she had as her hobby a tiny garden patch where she grew flowers on one half and vegetables on the other, which, perhaps, was indicative of her character.

When she was eleven years old, Mary Williamson's family had a slight rise in fortune, and they moved to Halifax. There she was permitted the magnificent opportunity of going to a school that had a much-heralded swimming pool! Heights of swank and distinction! A school with

a swimming pool. Mary Williamson went at it with a lusty gusto. She didn't know how to swim. She had never been in the water. But she was an athletic little tow-head, —for she played with her brothers and her brothers' gang —and they had made a runner out of her and a high jumper who had commanded their own begrudging admiration, and had won her a place of respect in their withering opinion of her sex.

She had gone into the pool just twelve times when she won a first prize of a fifty yard handicap! That made her Champion of her school. At the age of thirteen she held the title of Schoolgirls' Champion and Ladies' Championship in the town of Halifax that had at the time a population of 125,000.

Swimming became her vocation. When she was not at her studies she lived in the water. By the time she was fifteen, she had won twenty prizes, and had earned the Award of Merit from the Royal Life-Saving Society—the youngest girl in England at that time to be accorded such an honor!

A year later she entered a contest open to men and women for a fifteen mile swim in the Thames River in London. She made it in four hours and fifty minutes. A year after that she entered a contest and made it in four hours and twenty minutes. Both times she won gold prizes.

By the age of nineteen, Mary Williamson had won sixty

prizes for swimming, and was acknowledged as one of the champions of England. Then she did something that was to change the whole course of her life. She entered into a contest offered by a magazine called "Health and Beauty" which was published by an American in England. The competition, with a prize of one hundred pounds, was for "The Most Perfectly Formed Woman in Great Britain."

The day Mary Williamson won that prize she met Bernarr Macfadden, and the moment she met him she lost her heart and fell in love! For both of them believe staunchly in love at first sight—and why shouldn't they? To this day they are both as confused and reticent about talking of their courtship and wedding, as if they were still bride and groom and had not quite reached the place where they could look at the matter sanely. Mrs. Macfadden laughingly insists that Mr. Macfadden married her to save the prize money of one hundred pounds! Mr. Macfadden asserts that it was the first and only contest he ever conducted where he was the winner!

At any rate, the two of them found that Fate is a Wily Wench and that three thousand miles meant nothing to carry out her plans. The poor little consumptive boy from the Middle-West, who had forced his body into such perfection that he was an acknowledged wrestling champion; and had with the same dogged determination forced his ideas on the public so that his single voice was being heard

Mary Williamson Macfadden—taken just after she won the prize for being the "Most Perfectly-Formed Woman in Great Britain."

A statue cast made from life, of Bernarr Macfadden in his sixtieth year, by the renowned sculptor George Gray Barnard.

and listened to; and the poor little girl who had won herself a position of distinction and acknowledged supremacy, saw in him so great, so earnest, so powerful a mind and body that she was swept away with his enthusiasm. These two found each other and merged their dreams in one holy purpose. He told her of all that he had done and hoped to do, and she lay awake nights with the tremendous thrill of it. Here was a man who wanted to live a fine life and to tell others how to live a fine life. He knew why people ailed and wanted to tell them how to prevent it. He wanted to cure those who were ill, as he had cured himself. He believed that all the spiritual and mental troubles of the world had their foundation in ill health and bad habits. Here was a man with a great aim and ambition, and a strange conviction in his very manner that foretold the realization of his dreams.

Mary Williamson was stirred with the great purpose of this man. What was more—he was handsome and strong, gentle and tender, interesting and earnest. She adored him, looked up to him, respected him, and wanted to help him with his work. He thought her the finest and most beautiful girl he had ever met. And so they married.

And as they journeyed on their honeymoon (traveling throughout Great Britain), full of their projects—they planned where they would settle and how they would start their great schemes. Mr. Macfadden, when he had first

come to England, had started a Health Home which had been highly successful, but which, with the rise of his magazine and its consequent responsibilities, he had had to close. But all the furniture of that Health House was stored and the young couple decided to use that for the founding of a new headquarters.

Upon returning from their honeymoon, then, they started a grave search for the proper location, and chose a huge house right on the ocean in Brighton. This was to be their home. But not the selfish "love-nest" that most newly-weds plan. Here they planned to welcome, first, Helen Macfadden, the tiny six-year-old daughter of Mr. Macfadden's former marriage, and secondly, all those who were in need of health and sound sleep and good food and exercise!

Vigorously they worked. Mrs. Macfadden proved with that first venture the knack she had for managing. She put the huge house into shape, arranged for the necessary conveniences, got the furniture in place, and welcomed the help which Mr. Macfadden had chosen. He, meanwhile, was working in town during the day, and joining her as early as he could in the afternoons, to help realize this all-important plan.

At last it was ready. The Macfadden Healthatorium—right on the ocean, with a broad white beach and a grand sweep of the sea before them. It was ready to accommodate their "patients." At least, the enthusiastic two thought it was ready!

But a surprise awaited them. The first day twenty-eight patients sought admission! Before the year was over, there were fifty-six people in that Healthatorium, living the vigorous life Bernarr Macfadden mapped out for them.

But it was a busy "first year" for the married couple. In August, little Helen Macfadden arrived from America in the care of an old friend of Mr. Macfadden's. It was just a month before her seventh birthday which was celebrated by the entire Healthatorium. There, the child learned to love Mary Macfadden and call her "Mater" which she calls her to this very day. The Healthatorium was fast filling almost to the crowding point, and Bernarr and Mary were kept busy enlarging its capacity and its staff. It became apparent that it could hardly serve the purposes of a sanitarium and a home both!

But Mrs. Macfadden had another reason for not wanting to move just then, besides their complete absorption in the success of their project. The day after Christmas, 1912, her first child was born—a daughter. They had expected a son to bear Mr. Macfadden's name, and as a compromise they decided to call the little baby daughter Byrnece—the feminine form of Bernarr.

The child was born without a doctor. Only a midwife and a nurse attended. So natural was the delivery of her first born, that Mary Macfadden can tell a strange story—a story which she tells with some hesitation, so foolhardy it might seem, though she suffered no consequences as a re-

sult. When Byrnece was three days old, Mary Macfadden got up and washed out her baby clothes! When she was five days old, she took her tiny infant in her arms, went out into the bleak December wind, and walked, carrying the baby, for two miles!

Not, she adds, that she would advise a similar course for other women. She nursed her baby, of course. Both Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden are convinced that the mother's milk is the one proper food supplied by nature for any infant. Yet they both agree that there are some extremely nervous mothers, or ailing mothers who have not the strength sufficient for nourishment. Except in cases of particular trouble, some unexpected accident or shock, they both feel, however, that the woman should consider it her duty to live so that she is able to fulfill that precious task.

It was in London not long after Byrnece was born that Mrs. Macfadden had a ghastly experience. It certainly put to keen test her husband's abilities as a common sense physician.

Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden had decided to go to a matinée. They stopped in a restaurant for luncheon first, where Mrs. Macfadden ordered fruit salad and tea. Almost immediately after luncheon she complained of feeling peculiar, half laughing at her sensation, saying that her fingers were growing numb. They went into the theater, but Mrs. Macfadden became weak and dizzy, and presently in terror

she jumped up saying, "I'm growing cold, I can hardly speak. My lips are losing all sensation."

Truly concerned Mr. Macfadden guided her out to the street where he hailed a cab. It was obvious that his wife was suffering with a most severe attack of ptomaine poisoning, and was in a dangerous condition. Quickly Mr. Macfadden bethought himself of the fact that his London office served tea, according to the custom, at five o'clock, which meant that they would certainly have hot water. Upon reaching the office Mrs. Macfadden had all but collapsed, but, at her husband's behest, forced herself to drink glass after glass—madly—of hot water. Three quarts before any effect was shown—then three quarts immediately after the relief of vomiting. There is no question in their minds but that mortal danger was averted in this treatment, and readers can bear in mind that this hot water clean-out is the quickest and most dependable cure for the horrible pain of ptomaine poisoning. Great care should be exercised after a case of ptomaine poisoning, as its effects may last for months or even a year afterward, and diet should be carefully watched.

The Healthatorium was growing every day. The Macfaddens felt the need of a little selfishness. They had devoted this entire year to the help and happiness of their fellow beings. Now they decided to seek a little private comfort. When Byrnece was five weeks old, they crossed

the Channel and went to Paris where they stayed for seven weeks: Bernarr, Mary, Helen and Byrnece.

But in Paris, Mrs. Macfadden, in the unbridled enthusiasm of youth carried her health idea a step too far. Only six weeks after the birth of Byrnece, she took a bath, turned on the cold water until it was almost icy, and lingered in its bristling invigoration too long! Mr. Macfadden returned to find her burning up with a high fever. Pneumonia—in Paris during the winter, where the water was none too good, and the air none too clear!

If ever Mary Macfadden needed a conviction of her husband's ability as a doctor, she had full proof then! He prescribed, and the prescriptions were appalling as a treatment for pneumonia. They were absurdly simple, nothing but a complete fast. For seven days Mary Macfadden drank water sweetened with honey—and plenty of it! But not an ounce of food. During this time she continued to nurse her baby. Baby Byrnece lost weight steadily during those seven days, but herself gave no sign of contracting the disease. As soon as Mary Macfadden started to eat again, the baby gained weight, and color once more came to her tiny cheeks. In ten days, Mrs. Macfadden was completely well, without a trace of aftermath.

Immediately they decided to seek healthier surroundings, for the mist and rain and cold sleet in Paris made it miserable at that season. They selected a little cottage which

they leased for a year, furnished, in Winnereux, three miles from Boulogne-sur-Mer, and here for the first time since they were married they settled down to a home life.

They called their little home "Ma Retraite" and that typified just what it meant to them. Mrs. Macfadden recalls the days there, with something of an apologetic and embarrassed laugh at the sheer, absurd happiness that they knew through a simple and delightful routine. For they two were so much like children, that little Helen could ask for no better companions. One of their chief sports was to build a dam of stones along the beach, which the tide would promptly come and wash away. The next day they'd go out and build it again. They played football on the beach, too, and hide-and-seek—for hours in the roaring wind, only to tear into the cottage again with a ferocious appetite. The baby was warmly bundled and a special little shelter was built for her, to protect her from the cutting wind. Nearby was a tiny lagoon which they made themselves, where little fishes would be washed up—to swim in a private aquarium!

Regularly, two or three times a week, Mr. Macfadden would go over to London, to attend to his magazine and to visit and watch over the Healthatorium in Brighton. The days he spent at home, he worked on magazine articles, on his new experiments, and he wrote his first autobiography there.

But such happiness was short lived. They were there but five months when war was declared. Shortly after, they decided it was necessary to return to London as Mr. Macfadden needed to be close to his work. They took quarters in Golders Green where they stayed for two months. Matters were becoming serious, and Mr. Macfadden made a grave decision. They went to Brighton and stayed a month putting an end to their glorious dream. Then, in October, they sailed on the Lusitania for America. Mrs. Macfadden was astonished at the way baby Byrnece took to an ocean voyage. She was just weaned at the time, and was fed by bottle on a powdered milk called Glaxo. But the child was a perfect sailor and never once suffered from the slightest stomach trouble or colic.

Chapter II

Starting Out to "Live Happily Ever After"

Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden and the two children (Helen and baby Byrnece) were met at the wharf by some friends at whose home in Yonkers they stayed for two weeks. Mr. Macfadden was anxious to delve with renewed vigor and interest into his self-made activities here. *Physical Culture* (the magazine that was started as a one-man organization with Bernarr Macfadden himself writing the material, soliciting the advertising, attending to the layouts and make-up himself, the subscriptions and even the wrapping and mailing!) by now, was a sturdy, growing enterprise for which its founder had some new and earnest plans. There was also the chain of Physical Culture Restaurants scattered over New York City, run along the intelligent rules of vegetarian diet.

These interests, and his new plans, occupied Mr. Macfadden pretty constantly, while Mrs. Macfadden set out to really see and know this New York that she had heard so much about. Her first drive, early in the morning, through the city from the wharf up to Yonkers was a revelation to her, and the next week or so she spent seeing the sights, going to the theaters, occasionally meeting her husband for

luncheon, and shopping. After London the most remarkable thing about New York to Mrs. Macfadden was the fact that it was so simple to find one's way about. The second most remarkable thing was the astonishing way that money disappeared—everything seemed so much higher in price. Mrs. Macfadden tells an amusing story on herself when she went shopping one day for little Helen, and looked at some bonnets.

"Oh, that's dear!" her friend remarked in ardent and serious admiration of one particular hat. But Mrs. Macfadden did not know the use of that phrase as praise, and thought her friend was warning her that it was too expensive, and so she walked out of the store without the coveted bonnet!

The entire Macfadden family longed for the seashore, and Far Rockaway was decided upon as being truly wild and secluded and yet, near enough to New York for Mr. Macfadden's business. They rented a little cottage at forty dollars a month, which Mary Macfadden describes rather ruefully as her first American home! It was equipped with nothing but straw mattresses and was most meagerly furnished. And inasmuch as she was expecting a second child (their son and heir, they hoped!) her spirit of adventure and her delight in "roughing it" was somewhat tempered in this new land. But there were so many things to be attended to and decided upon before they settled definitely, that she set at her care of the cottage and the meals and

her baby Byrnece and little Helen with the same youthful energy that is still her greatest attribute today.

After a month of Far Rockaway and the straw mattresses, the entire Macfadden family went to Chicago where they were entertained for five weeks by Mr. and Mrs. Morrie A. Wood, who were in charge for Mr. Macfadden, of the International Health Resort in that city. There, in Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Macfadden found a friendship that has lasted to this day. She was perfectly content and happy in Chicago, while Bernarr commuted from there to New York and settled his affairs as he had planned.

The International Healthatorium was taking care of two hundred patients, both children and adults. This was organized strictly along the lines of "nature cures"—and plain common sense; embracing diets and exercises, sun-baths and hydrotherapy.

Strangely enough, two rather humorous things happened to Mrs. Macfadden at this International Healthatorium. An hour before she arrived there, she was stricken with another acute attack of ptomaine poisoning, and became one of the patients herself. (Incidentally, the cure that brought recovery so quickly and effectually was again used with splendid results. Hot water; drinking it in such large quantities that it became an emetic; then continuing to drink water thereafter until the entire body is super-charged with it.)

And secondly—Mrs. Macfadden found that she couldn't

swim in the pool of their own building without a skirt to her bathing suit! It was against the city ordinances! And in blank disgust, Mrs. Macfadden refused to swim at all!

Finally, Bernarr Macfadden came out to Chicago one day to tell his wife that they were to go back to Far Rockaway. Things were looking favorable, and he had hold of the reins as he had wished, and now he desired to settle again in a happy family routine.

Back to New York they came. Mrs. Macfadden said nothing of her half-dread of facing the little cottage with the two children. All through the trip she entered upon her husband's eagerness to be once more headed for the real "home," and home life together. Bernarr Macfadden is a confirmed family man. He loves his home better than anything else in the world, and is always extremely restless when he is deprived of it. He had a double reason to be particularly excited that trip back to New York, but Bernarr Macfadden likes his little joke, and he wasn't telling Mary everything he knew just then!

Traveling with children had been reduced to a few simple rules by Mrs. Macfadden, and perhaps her system might be of interest to other families addicted to trains and boats. For the feeding of the baby she used Glaxo, an English powdered milk which is now on sale everywhere in America. This she mixed with hot water which the porter was instructed to bring regularly. Its preparation is exceed-

ingly simple. The irritating matter of diapers was solved by what Mrs. Macfadden calls "traveling diapers" and which she made herself of cheese cloth and cotton which were put, after use, into paper bags and given to the porter to dispose of. Babies should be fed rather lightly while traveling and kept extra warm, particularly at night.

Upon arriving in New York City, Bernarr Macfadden announced that they would go direct to Far Rockaway on the very next train! With a repressed sigh Mrs. Macfadden agreed. After all, this husband of hers was a busy man, and perhaps the sooner they got home and settled the better it would be.

But at Far Rockaway they did not drive in the direction of the tiny cottage. Instead, they headed for the prime residential part of town, and drove up a broad gravel-way to a huge palatial home that commanded a breath-taking sweep of the sea.

Mary Macfadden's eyes opened wide with amazement. She was speechless when her husband announced that this was their home! And when at the doorway she was welcomed by the same housekeeper and nurse-maid that had worked for her in Brighton, England, Mrs. Macfadden put her head on Bernarr's shoulder and cried with joy!

Here then, they settled down to family life. Here in this magnificent old house, Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden entertained their old friends, weaving together the loose ends

of their new life and establishing important business and social connections. And here, on April 19th, 1914 was born to this happy, busy couple, a second child—another daughter whom they called Beulah. By what mysterious Providence they had been denied a son, they did not know, though they loved the little girl-baby even more dearly because they felt that any tinge of disappointment might be unfair to her tiny pink perfection. Besides, the all-important event had been accomplished with such utter ease and good fortune, and both Mrs. Macfadden (attended only by a midwife and her two English maids) and the baby were in such excellent health, that certainly no complaint was in order. Yet Bernarr Macfadden, truly smiling and exuberant over the birth of his new little daughter, pondered the matter seriously. He, whose whole life and every thought was devoted to the physical problems of mankind, found a new mystery to consider in this matter of sex-determination of birth. Was it possible that it was merely chance? Could it be that science had nothing to say on the control of such a vital subject? Was here the divine and unseen hand that guided the fortunes of human beings all-mysteriously probable? Was it a matter of Fate? Or was it that man had merely not given sufficient thought and time to probe this vital secret?

Bernarr Macfadden decided to study the phenomenon. Surely, this subject meant as much to others as it did to

Beverly Macfadden was a prize baby—this baby photograph is interesting as a character study as well as a proof of physical perfection.

Berwyn as a Happy Baby.

himself, and perhaps some day he could publish a solution to the whole world.

From April throughout the following summer the Macfadden family continued to live in the huge seaside house which rented for a thousand dollars a month. It was during this summer that Mrs. Macfadden had an experience which might be amusing to all athletes.

Immediately upon her recovery, she had decided to resume her swimming career, and early in the summer she began practicing with a view to entering a race. Surely it would be as possible to win honors in this country as in England? In August, she entered her first (and last!) five-mile race in this country. It was in Sheepshead Bay in August of that year, only four months after her baby had been born! Accompanied by the nurse of her children who were to follow in a boat with the pilot, Mrs. Macfadden, determined to win, waited for the starting word from the referee who proved to be Willie Richie, the famous fighter. Off they went, and for what seemed to be an eternity, Mrs. Macfadden held the lead in the very choppy waters of Sheepshead Bay. Mrs. Macfadden was aghast at the difficulty in making headway, and when at last two other women managed to get a few yards ahead of her, she turned toward the boat and called out to her nurse.

"How long have we been swimming?"

"An hour and forty minutes!" her nurse called back.

"Well, just where are we now?" Mrs. Macfadden yelled up from the water.

She saw the nurse and the pilot look to the shore, and puzzle over their position. Suddenly others seemed to mingle in a strange confusion, and a scattered argument arose between the swimmers in the water and their friends in the various boats. Mrs. Macfadden heard one or two swimmers cry out in dismay, and reach out to grasp the side of their boat—giving up the race.

They were two hundred yards behind the place from which they had started!

The race quickly broke up in high disagreement and disgust. So inefficient had been the management that they had started the contestants before the tide had turned, and the tide had been so swift that the swimmers were carried back to the starting line.

Mrs. Macfadden's scorn of such total ignorance and mismanagement knew no bounds. Was this the way athletic events were conducted in America?

Never again has she attempted a swimming race in this country, and one can hardly blame her for her decision. But at least she proved that a woman can keep up her athletics after child-bearing, and that intelligently followed, such activities only serve to build further strength and resistance rather than to lessen her fitness for motherhood.

Late in the fall, the Macfaddens decided to move into the city for the winter season. A lovely six-room apartment, fully furnished was found on Riverside Drive at One Hundred and Sixtieth Street, and the price that was paid makes us all sigh for the times that have gone by. Eighty dollars a month!

For the next six months in New York, their lives were busy and serenely happy. Little Helen had gone to boarding school in the Middle-West. Mrs. Macfadden found a new interest in nature dancing which she studied from Helen Moller, in return for which she taught Miss Moller swimming.

Mrs. Macfadden has much to say on the point of living in the city with children. For years she yearned for the interests and activities of the city during the winter months, arguing that the air was sufficiently bracing and clear to be of little harm to the babies after an entire summer in the country or at the seashore. Mr. Macfadden, who has no great love in his heart for the city, never completely approved of the arrangement, though it had its advantages for him too. As the years went by Mrs. Macfadden shortened her winter stay until it was finally only two months of the year. And now! She is completely convinced that the country life the year round is the happiest and the healthiest and the safest.

The following summer, Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden found

a furnished house in Port Washington, Long Island, where they lived for the six months, and where little Braunda was born.

Before Braunda's birth, Mrs. Macfadden had been taking dancing lessons every day, and the theory of pre-natal influence was rather justified in this little daughter, for at as early as a year and a half Braunda Macfadden showed a remarkable sense of rhythm, and her interest in music and dancing to this day is strongly marked. At birth, Braunda could hold her head erect.

Another interesting point arose with this third baby. Mrs. Macfadden who had trained herself to careful diets and rather strenuous fastings, seemed to possess an abnormal appetite during the months previous to Braunda's birth. Though it was ordinarily contrary to Bernarr Macfadden's ideas, his advice to his wife is certainly worth consideration; for he assured her that her strong desire for food must be necessary and therefore should be catered to in a controlled way. Mrs. Macfadden has never suffered from attacks of nausea, which so distress expectant mothers, until the event of this baby. Bernarr Macfadden arranged a system which completely eliminated nausea, and which should be of great comfort to many thousands of women who suffer that depressing and weakening sickness. Particularly since the remedy is so delightful! Merely taking a dry cracker (zwieback or dry biscuit) *before getting up in the*

morning will go far in eliminating any nausea during pregnancy. Take nothing cold into the stomach. A couple of hours later—say around ten o'clock (after some outdoor walking), a good solid breakfast is in order. This may be a substantial enough meal to serve as combination breakfast and lunch.

Then, again, a generous supper around seven. If the expectant mother feels a craving appetite, certainly no forced fasting should be followed. But with heavy eating during pregnancy it is necessary to follow as active and vigorous a program as is possible—particularly out of doors.

Again the country question is a matter of argument as much for mothers-to-be as for babies and children afterwards. Out of fourteen years, the Macfaddens have lived eight years in the city—(by totaling the three to six months spent each winter in New York). Mr. Macfadden thinks the city is a bad place for anyone to live. Noise, dirt, traffic, excitement of a false and frenzied nature, the lack of sun and the opportunities for sun-baths, and long tramps with the feel of the earth beneath your feet—all these things cause Mr. Macfadden to shake his head and raise his eyebrows at the city life. On the other hand, anyone who lives in the city can keep well with an extra amount of exercise. Nor is the matter of money an essential. Mrs. Macfadden went daily to public pools in New York City and never paid a nickel for the privilege of her swim for more than

three years. People who have not visited or used these public swimming pools are apt to frown disapprovingly, and insist that they certainly would not send their children to them. Yet the pool on 23rd Street won the first prize in the country ten years ago for being the cleanest, the most sanitary and the best run! Those on 54th Street between 1st and 2nd Avenues, and 60th Street and 11th Avenue were also of the highest standards at that time. (Of course, the Macfadden family have their own lake and pool in their home these days. But it is a well established fact that almost every city of any consequence provides swimming pools, tennis, etc., of good standing for the public's use.)

There is one incident, of such extreme absurdity and such dire results, that happened to Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden in Port Washington, that it certainly is interesting to tell here. They owned a big Palmer Singer car, which they ran themselves and of which they were very proud. One day Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden decided to drive to town to do some shopping. At least Mr. Macfadden would drive Mary in and wait for her while she shopped and drive her out again. He enjoys driving and finds it a great relaxation and stimulus to thought. So, off they started, and since Mr. Macfadden did not intend to get out of the car, he did not trouble to dress faultlessly, considering his own comfort first. They got as far as the main street of Port Washington, when the car came to a standstill. Try as Mr. Mac-

fadden would, he could not start the car again. It had to be cranked! So, since her lord and master wore only a soft pair of white woolen bed socks on his feet, Mary Macfadden got out and cranked the car!

The next day, did the village talk? Everyone at the garage was telling the story of how the "strong man" had sat back in his automobile and let his wife get out and crank the car!

Chapter III

A Tremendous Discovery and a Brave Experiment

The Macfadden family stayed in Port Washington for a year, from April to April, where Braunda was born on October 6, 1916, and where Mrs. Macfadden spent the quietest summer of her busy married life; reading, walking and enjoying the companionship of her husband and babies. Theirs was a large ten room house with plenty of grounds, close to the water—and just as a comparison to the prices of 1929, they paid for this house, furnished, $800 a year. It was four months before little Braunda was weaned, and for some time Mrs. Macfadden gave herself up to the kind of life she most thoroughly enjoyed—the kind she wishes she had the time to live now. Every day she went in town to a swimming pool. In the country she walked four to eight miles a day, and lost ten pounds in six weeks.

The following April the family moved to Douglaston, Long Island, one block from the water, again settling for a year, taking a comfortable large furnished house from April to April. At this time, Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden were interested in various movie enterprises, motoring

from one lot to another, trying out that absorbing and growing field.

On January 26, 1918, little Beverly—their fourth girl baby—was born, in Douglaston, on Beverly Road. A tiny morsel with a mass of long, dark curly hair. As usual only a midwife attended Mrs. Macfadden with her usual kindly and far-sighted nurse, Bernarr Macfadden himself, sleeping in the room. But the night after Beverly's birth was one of tragedy that bordered on calamity in that household.

The weather was very cold on this occasion—quite the usual January temperature, but the Macfaddens always believed in plenty of fresh air and when the mother and baby were resting satisfactorily, Mr. Macfadden went to bed on a small couch in the room with mother and babe. The mother was covered up snugly and the windows were opened widely for fresh air to which the entire family were accustomed. Mr. Macfadden was quite tired from the arduous duties and emotions associated with this crisis and he soon went to sleep.

During the night, Mrs. Macfadden awoke and realized that she needed attention. Foolishly she did not want to bother anybody. She did not feel that she should disturb her husband. She had been accustomed to doing things for herself at all times and had ignored precedence at this period previously with impunity. So she got out of bed in

this room with a freezing temperature, a few hours after Beverly was born, and went to the bathroom.

Doubtless she was thrilled with the idea of her moment of triumph when the next morning she would tell friend husband that she hardly needed a nurse.

But the experience thoroughly chilled her. When she went back to bed she was shaking with cold and try as she could for the balance of the night she was uncomfortable physically—and nurses who deal with situations of this kind realize the seriousness of being chilled under these circumstances.

When Mr. Macfadden awakened in the morning and learned of the condition of his wife he was alarmed.

He is, however, accustomed to thinking carefully and coming to quick conclusions.

Long experience in dealing with physical life made him come to a quick decision.

He prepared for his wife a combination of half milk and half hot water. She found this quite agreeable and was able to consume about eight quarts the first day. The very serious symptoms associated with the condition then began to abate.

The drink was made as hot as she could take it, which undoubtedly helped materially. But it was several days before Mrs. Macfadden entirely recovered from her recklessness of that occasion.

The average woman attempting something of that sort and following the usual régime of treatment might have been ruined for life or might even have lost her life.

Bernarr Macfadden is both doctor and nurse in his family —and certainly in this case he had a vital responsibility in proving his abilities—for Mrs. Macfadden might well have been in mortal danger were it not for his immediate and intelligent care. Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden have had a midwife when each child was born and sometimes they have had a nurse, but Bernarr Macfadden has had to assume the duties of a nurse, himself, on many occasions.

The following spring the family moved to Great Neck, but by the end of that summer, Mrs. Macfadden felt an urge for a period of city life. So, late in the fall, the family returned to the city in an apartment on Riverside Drive and 158th Street, where George Wharton James came and stayed with them for a short visit. This was a strenuous winter for Mrs. Macfadden for it was just after the war, and Mr. Macfadden ordered strict economy. He himself was plunged in his work, while Mrs. Macfadden took care of her apartment and her four babies with only one girl to help. That winter, too, they took several trips out to Chicago to his Healthatorium and the American College of Physical Education, which was for the education of Physical Directors.

The following summer was again spent in Great Neck,

where Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden discussed the idea of buying a permanent home, taking many trips throughout Long Island with this view. Here was the beginning of Mr. Macfadden's interest in real estate. This germ grew, and Mr. Macfadden (who already was planning to own his own business building in New York City, for his enterprises were growing fast), eventually secured a long-term lease on 1926 Broadway, the home of the Macfadden Publications. Also the Macfadden Corporation now owns the tremendous building on Canal Street which houses his *New York Evening Graphic.* But, again that fall of 1919, the family returned to the city living at Riverside Drive and 125th Street.

Their first venture in home buying was in Long Beach in 1920, where they fell in love with the magnificent ocean view and the delightful bathing opportunities. But woe of woes! There was a dearth of sunshine that summer and the waters of Long Beach were too cold for bathing that season.

In the fall of that year, Mrs. Macfadden proved herself the capable and efficient helpmate to Mr. Macfadden in his business problems. This was the occasion of their first real parting, for Mr. Macfadden could not leave his growing business interests in New York, and his famous Battle Creek Sanatorium in Michigan needed a rigid reorganization. Mrs. Macfadden came to the rescue. She took her

four little girls and went to Battle Creek, taking over the many responsibilities of the infirmary, and proving, as much to her own delighted surprise as anyone else, that she had a good business head. Until February, Mary Macfadden stayed in an especially arranged apartment in the Sanatorium with a governess for the four little girls, depending entirely upon letter writing and long distance calls for her loving companionship with her husband, for it was almost impossible for him to leave New York.

But Mr. Macfadden couldn't stand it for long, and by February, the moment things looked rosier in Michigan, he sent for his family. He met Mrs. Macfadden at the train, exuberant, almost inarticulate in his delight to see them all once more.

He had taken care of everything. A furnished house was rented for them in Great Neck. Oh, yes, everything was attended to, except a governess and nurse, which Mrs. Macfadden could easily engage the following day. She and the children could go right out to the house and he would join them for dinner as soon as he was able to leave the office! But this time, Mr. Macfadden's surprise was not so joyous!

Even to this day Mrs. Macfadden refuses to laugh at the way "everything was taken care of!" For when she reached Great Neck and saw her furnished house, she sat on the front steps with her four little girls wide-eyed around her,

and her trunks and luggage dumped on the porch—yes, she sat down and cried.

Evidently, the dirtiest people on earth had just moved out of the house in Great Neck. Never was a house left in a more unsightly condition. Wallpaper hanging in strips off the walls. Ceilings crumbling down on the furniture. The plumbing an unknown quantity. The furnace a mere ornament in the cellar. Kitchen a living sight, and no gas turned on.

But tears never cleaned a house, or took care of four very tired children. For that entire day and night, except for the supper hour, when the bewildered, surprised and chagrined Mr. Macfadden took them down to the village, Mrs. Macfadden plunged headlong into getting some semblance and order into that house. She even had to buy mattresses, sheets and blankets before they could turn in for a well deserved rest.

Not even when the house was hauled into a livable condition, and a governess and maid established, did Mrs. Macfadden feel settled. This simply could not go on. It was time for their particularly home-loving family to have a home—a real home, and be comparatively settled. So, that summer Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden pried diligently into the far corners of the suburbs, and eventually purchased a valuable piece of land, on which was a house and garage and lodge, in Nyack, New York. These twenty-two acres

they purchased chiefly because they fell in love with a fine waterfall on the property. Here they figured they had real country life within fair distance of the city, with many possibilities for gradually developing a truly charming estate. But their plans were somewhat impeded by the need of Mrs. Macfadden's presence again, back in Battle Creek. So once more she took the train out west with the four girls, promising to return every two weeks for a visit, except for the four or five trips Mr. Macfadden felt he could make out there. In the meantime, Mr. Macfadden, to whom the great outdoors was as much an intoxication as liquor is to many another, could not resist reveling in the glory and pride of his ownership of this country place. So he and his daughter Helen, a housekeeper, and a couple, hired to take care of the place, lived at Nyack that very winter.

Mrs. Macfadden with the girls returned to New York in the early fall of 1921.

For a number of reasons they decided not to settle in Nyack that winter—Mr. Macfadden was immersed in a number of pressing developments in his business, and Mrs. Macfadden was in no condition to undertake the responsibility of converting their place in Nyack into a really livable, comfortable home. She visited it many times, mapping out in her own mind just what should be done to the place, and how and when to go about it. Furthermore, and most important of all, Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden were

expecting another addition to their family—and this blessed event portended a tremendous interest, and a most important occasion, for the following reason.

As has been stated before in this account, both Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden were seriously concerned over the fact that each child born unto them had been a girl. Each occasion of birth had been one of such mixed joy at welcoming an off-spring of their love, and keenest growing disappointment over the fact that each time they were denied a son, that the situation had become one of desperate and nerve-racking anxiety to them. So great had been Mrs. Macfadden's feeling after the birth of Beverly, the fourth girl, that she insisted that she could never be the mother of a son, and that she had no intention of trying again.

She was through.

She had a fine family.

Why put herself through any further disappointment?

Unless—!

Unless there were some way in which they could be sure that their child would be a male.

This wail of futility from his beloved wife so impressed Mr. Macfadden's determination to find some solution to this problem, that for some time he devoted increasing, tireless effort to find the answer. The result was very, very daring, and very courageous on the part of both himself and his wife. For after a long discussion with her, he

convinced Mrs. Macfadden that he had found and formed a solution, which was well worth serious and earnest trial. They decided with a holy sincerity to make one supreme effort to produce a male heir to the estate of Bernarr Macfadden. If they failed Mr. Macfadden promised to leave the matter unsolved. Certainly, the reward would be worth all that the undertaking meant. If they succeeded, they would have proven the answer to the greatest puzzle of humanity: the enigma of haphazard conception. True, they would have proven it only to themselves, for the world would hardly accept one case as convincing of an entire rule, but it would be a great step in the advancement of civilization; and so great and profound was the problem, that they felt it their sacred duty to put into practice the conviction that had grown in both of them to the extent of being a burning and consuming faith.

Consider the courage, the admirable earnestness, the heroic fortitude of this man and woman as they attempted their magnificent experiment. Consider the suspense with which they awaited the fulfillment of their hearts' desire. So much, not only of their own happiness, but all the frailties of all humanity, depended upon the success or failure of their supreme attempt.

Consider what it meant to Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden as husband and wife, and as parents of a family; and to Bernarr Macfadden, as apostle of physical education, when on

December 29, 1921, there was born unto them a perfect, husky, beautiful baby boy whom they named Byron Macfadden.

Perhaps the article published by Bernarr Macfadden a few months later in *Physical Culture* would be of interest here. It explains their great undertaking. It spread world-wide the theory on which it was based, and on which, as a basis, Bernarr Macfadden later had the daring and the courage to foretell the birth of two sons unto the house of Macfadden at subsequent periods—proving three successive times (once to himself and twice to the wide world) that his theory was absolute and dependable.

Here are excerpts from his famous article "Determining the Sex of Your Child," published in *Physical Culture Magazine,* March 1922, written immediately after the birth of his first son.

"Determining the Sex of Your Child
"By Bernarr Macfadden

"... The subject of sex determination is one of the most baffling and elusive mysteries in life; it has interested and puzzled man since he was able to think. Owing to wars and other factors which expose the males of the human race to danger, there has always been a slight preponderance of females in most parts of the world. There are

a few sections in the tropics where the situation is reversed, with the result that polyandry is practiced among the natives.

"Roughly speaking, however, before the World War, the ratio was something like 105 females to every 100 males, as a world average. Since there were about 10,000,000 men's lives sacrificed in the late war, the subject of repopulation has been of supreme importance in all countries participating. Naturally, girls are not so much desired as boys under these circumstances. . . .

". . . What would it be worth to the average parent, to have a definite, scientific method that could be relied upon with a reasonable amount of surety, for determining the sex of the coming child? Such a method, if dependable would be of incalculable value. Many parents would be willing to make great sacrifices in order to obtain reliable information of this character.

"Many theories of sex determination have been propounded, and quite as often have they been exploded.

"The theory of the late Dr. Schenck of Vienna, concurred in by many scientists, is that favorable conditions, as of nourishment, temperature, are likely to result in the birth of females; while unfavorable conditions tend to produce males. 'That good nourishment,' says an English writer, 'appears to produce a distinct preponderance of females is perhaps the single result that can be regarded at present

as clearly proven and generally accepted. The agency of temperature also is of considerable importance.' Experiment, it is said, shows this to be true of both plant and animal life. Starved caterpillars, for example, produce male butterflies, while those that are highly nourished before entering the chrysalis state produce females.

"The human species appears to be less dependent upon these differences; though prosperity and high living are said to favor somewhat the birth of girls, and poverty and hunger that of boys, and a larger proportion of males is born during the cold months than during the warm.

"A doctrine of sex determination is fully elaborated in the Talmud, and to it is said to be due much of the virility of the Jewish race. Meyerbeer, the German composer, relates that one day at dinner with Louis-Phillippe, the French king asked him whether he had any children.

"'Yes, sir,' answered the musician, 'but I regret to say that I have only daughters.'

"'What!' cried the King. 'You, a Jew, and yet ignorant of the art of begetting boys! During my exile in Switzerland I made the acquaintance of a rabbi who gave me lessons in German; but the thing of most value that he taught me was how to contract a timely marriage and have sons and daughters at will.'

"And forthwith the king communicated to his Jewish friend the rabbinical secret, as found in the Talmud, of

determining at will whether a child should be a male or a female.

"'And I assure you,' added his majesty, 'that my experience has fully justified the theory; for I have been able to announce in advance to my relations and acquaintances, the coming of my son or of my daughter.'

"The crux of this theory is that if the man is first in the crisis of love, he begets a female; if the woman is first, she will bring forth a man-child.

"In further expounding the mystery of generation the Talmud says, in order to have a son, it is necessary to wait until the wife ardently desires her husband, as Leah desired Jacob.

"To have a daughter, it is necessary on the contrary, that the man, having a violent desire for his wife, "surprise her —so to say—with an improvised and prolonged feast of love."

"A French advocate of this doctrine cites in favor of the idea a report of the Academy of Medicine on the art of producing males and females among cattle and horses. This report, he says, corroborates *in toto* the teaching of the Talmud.

"'No physician has ever yet published so profound, so extended, so clear an exposition of these matters as is contained in the Talmud,' wrote the late Dr. Goldschmid of the Jewish Hospital in Frankfort-on-the-Main.

"The writer's interest in this subject has always been very keen. I have carefully studied the various theories propounded and many of them have seemed reasonable. Their authors, in practically every instance, have vehemently maintained that their particular theory was the only dependable one.

"My interest in sex determination was materially increased because of the experience in my own family.

"With six daughters on my hands, I was in a position where I wanted to be reasonably sure that the next child would be a son. I discussed this subject with my wife on many occasions, and we carefully went over all the theories that have been presented on this important subject. Many were so complicated they were hard to test. Others were pure theory that had not been tested in any way. One by one these were put aside as hardly worthy of a trial.

"We were fully determined to have a son.

"When the first child was born in my present family, my wife was very much disappointed because it proved to be a girl. Personally, I was as well satisfied with a girl as I should have been with a boy.

"Practically the same can be said when the next child arrived, but the mother's disappointment was a little more keen.

"And when the third and fourth children both appeared as girls, the disappointment was almost too much for the

A charming study of four Macfadden daughters. Little Byrnece, Beulah, Braunda, and Beverly during a rest period of their dancing class.

Berwyn and Brewster Macfadden, the two sons. This picture was taken just after Berwyn had fasted for three solid days as a cure for an infection in his leg.

mother. Immediately after the birth of the fourth child, she naturally inquired as to its sex. When told it was a girl, she broke down and cried bitterly at the keenness of her disappointment, saying, 'Take it away, I don't want it!'

"After this experience, however, she said to me, 'I am not going to try again. I wanted every one of those children to be a boy, and it looks as though it is impossible for me to be the mother of a boy. So I am going to quit. No more family for me!'

"She kept her word for more than three years, and then came that old hankering for a son. She wanted a boy to bear our name.

"About this time I became very much interested in a theory advanced by a well-known physician; it was tested out in Germany under favorable circumstances, during the war. I discussed with my wife the conclusions in connection with this theory, and finally, we determined to put it to a practical test.

"She resolved to make one more attempt to have a son.

"The result of this experiment is shown in the photograph reproduced here, in the form of Byron Macfadden.

"This child is a lusty little fellow. He weighed over eleven pounds at birth. He smiled winningly at his mother when he was ten or eleven days old.

"The suspense before the child's birth was of course rather keen. There would have been almost a tragedy in

our family, I am convinced, if this child had been a girl. The mother had determined that it should be a boy, and I doubt if she could have borne an additional disappointment.

"When the child was born, not withstanding the agony of such a crisis, she immediately inquired as to its sex.

"When told it was a boy, a seraphic smile overspread her features, a smile that comes only on rare occasions in a life-time. And for the moment, at least, she forgot all the pain she had just undergone. . . .

". . . But now let us get down to the point of our story. What was the method that was so successfully tried in this instance and which was demonstrated to be dependable to such a remarkable extent in Germany during the war?

"The German scientist who published the facts in reference to the method under discussion, stated he had opportunities to tabulate exactly the time when the soldier husbands would return home on furlough during the war. Families in which he was interested there gave him every possible opportunity to test the value of this theory.

"An exact record of the menstrual periods was kept. And herein lies the secret of sex determination. The length of time from the period of conception to the time of menstruation, determines the sex of the child. He found that if conception occurred in from one to five days after menstruation, the child was almost sure to be a girl; and the

longer the period that elapsed between menstruation and conception, the stronger the tendency of the child to be a boy.

"In other words, if conception took place say the second week after menstruation, the child was likely to be a boy; and if in the third week, it was still more likely to be a boy, and if in the fourth week, it was almost sure to be a boy.

"Parents can easily test this plan. I would be glad to hear from those who have already tested it, with a view to learning whether it is dependable in all cases.

"If we can prove its accuracy in a few thousand cases, we can easily maintain that the riddle of sex determination has finally been solved.

"In this instance, we deliberately planned, in accordance with the above described method, to make the sex of our child a boy.

"We were successful in this instance. It is possible, of course, that the result was accidental. It is difficult to believe, however, that it could have been accidental in the three or four hundred cases referred to by the German scientist in his experiment."

Here in this article was the nucleus of the startling discovery of a system that might guide the lives of all married

people, and change the most important events that could happen to them in their wedded lives, from guess work to sureties.

In the April 1922 issue of *Physical Culture Magazine,* this startling article of Mr. Macfadden's was substantiated, with many actual cases quoted, by David H. Reeder, M. D.

It was only natural that many, many families would be absorbed in this shocking and radical revelation of Bernarr Macfadden's, which would mean so much to the average intelligent father and mother. The result of his courageous announcement is certainly too tremendous and too filled with human interest to be overlooked. A large number of experimenting parents actually wrote Bernarr Macfadden to tell of the success of their ventures (the thousands who attempted this appalling test and were too shy to give others the benefit of their success, can never be estimated). The letters received by Mr. Macfadden are vitally important, tremendously interesting, and at times amusing. For it seems that parents, given the full control of creating a family have many and divers reasons and wishes in their machinations. In the March, 1925, *Physical Culture Magazine,* Mr. Macfadden summarizes these records in an article entitled "A Boy or a Girl—Take Your Pick." Excerpts are given here as a matter of actual proof of the efficacy of this system, and of undeniable human interest.

A DISCOVERY AND AN EXPERIMENT

"A Boy or a Girl—Take Your Pick

"By Bernarr Macfadden

"'S.D.' LETTERS have been moving in a steadily growing stream across my desk since last July. I call them 'S.D.' letters because of the cabalistic marks which my secretary puts on them with a big red pencil so that I may spot them at sight in my morning mail; for she knows the interest with which I turn from more humdrum matters to read them. Later they go to the filing cabinet for safe keeping; and there the 'S.D.' expands into a full-blown label on the tab of a folder which reads 'Sex Determination.'

"I may say at once that for most of my 'S.D.' correspondents the theory of sex determination which was set forth in this magazine two and a half years ago works. In fact, it works so well that sometimes it's funny. For instance, there was the case of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Wadley of San Gabriel, California, who figured the thing out so nearly that they were able to give their babies opposite sex, but the same birthday, though the second came three years after the first. And then there was Mrs. Emma L. France of Logan, Utah, the thrifty young woman who systematically arranged her babies birthdays and also their sex in such a way that the younger ones would always be able to wear out the clothing which the older ones had outgrown. Mrs. France

considered, too, that two boys and two girls in alternation would give each girl a brother near her own age, and each child a pal of his, or her, own sex when they grew up, and that so much harmony of sex and age ought to produce a happy family.

"And then there was the San Francisco young matron, Mrs. B. Stanford Claunch, a physical culture enthusiast, who not only chose a boy by the method recommended in this magazine, but prepared herself for pregnancy and motherhood by methods of common sense living, also recommended in this magazine, with the result that she found bringing a baby into the world was merely a trifling inconvenience. The instant it was over she demanded of the doctor if it was the boy she had ordered.

" 'And,' she added, 'when he said "boy" I was so glad I wanted to get up and dance. . . . "

". . . I have now before me a tabulated record of 199 conceptions of known date in 93 families. The theory worked in 180 of those conceptions and it apparently failed in nineteen of them. That gives a percentage of about 89½ per cent successes as against 10½ per cent of failures.

"In addition seventeen conceptions were reported as being 'in doubt'; that is, the date of conception was not certainly known. All but two of these seventeen cases, however, occurred in families where the theory worked perfectly for other children whose date of conception was known.

"A percentage of success so overwhelming would seem to indicate that the failures, when they occur, may be due to some abnormal conditions which are not given in the record. Poor health on the part of one or both parents, for instance, might upset the balance of nature in some way.

"It would, of course, require a record of thousands of cases, all properly authenticated, to give to our theory of sex determination the dignity of an established scientific law. We can make no such claim on the basis of 199 cases. But for prospective parents who are interested in immediate practical, and reasonably certain results, the establishment of scientific certainties in this matter will not be a thing to wait for. The point is that for most persons, where the health and living conditions of the parents are normal, the theory evidently works.

"The theory of sex determination to which I am referring was stated, as I have said in *Physical Culture* two and a half years ago. There were two articles about it, one by David H. Reeder, M. D., of LaPorte, Indiana, and the other by myself. The two articles were in substantial agreement. . . .

". . . A simple statement of the theory is that if conception occur within five days after the end of the mother's menstrual period the child will be a girl, and that if conception take place later than the fifth day, the child will probably be a boy, the balance of probability becoming stronger in proportion to the lateness of the conception.

"Dr. Reeder, whose conclusions are based on twenty-five years of experience in more than 2,000 cases of child-birth wherein he usually was able to record the date of conception, states his view somewhat more precisely and in detail to this effect:

" 'If conception take place within three days after the end of the menstrual period the issue will be a girl.

" 'If conception take place from the fourth to the seventh day, the issue may be either a girl or a boy, with greater and greater likelihood of a boy as the seventh day approaches.

" 'If conception take place from the eighth to the twentieth day the issue, if any, will almost certainly be a boy, this certainty becoming progressively greater as the twentieth day approaches.'

"Dr. Reeder said in his article that he had never known the rule to fail in his many years of observation and experience; and he pointed out that stock-breeders have long known and applied this knowledge with respect to animals, producing males and females in any proportion they wish. . . ."

These excerpts certainly show what has been accomplished—and what is far more important, what can be accomplished in this earnest study of this most baffling of human problems.

Chapter IV

A Tragedy and How It Was Met

Now comes a period in the history of the Macfadden family which will call forth the deepest sympathy and understanding of every mother and father who may read this. For, after their supreme exaltation and happy triumph in the birth of their first son Byron Macfadden, who was called "Little Billy" as a pet name, by all who hovered over him and delighted in his beauty and charm, Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden soon faced the greatest tragedy in their lives. Little Billy had not rounded out the first year of his life—before the first candle could be lighted on a birthday cake —when he was taken, in spite of all attempts to save him.

Only those who have known a similar bereavement, only those who have experienced the indescribable void and the heart-break that lies in the ache of empty arms, can appreciate the sorrow experienced by Bernarr and Mary Macfadden. It is seldom that they speak of their loss, for neither Mr. nor Mrs. Macfadden are the type who wear their hearts on their sleeves, or who indulge in sentimentality; and the wound, despite the years, is still too fresh and open, to share their grief. Only once has the writer heard Mrs. Macfadden speak of the little son that was taken from her

so cruelly and so unexpectedly: "You know he seems more a part of me with each year that passes," she said softly. "Sometimes he is more real to me than my other children around me. I can hear his little laugh—I think he had the sunniest and happiest disposition of any of the children. I guess mothers who have lost a child all feel the same way —he seems the most precious, the most necessary to me. Others could not fill his void. I couldn't miss him more if he were my only child, and it seems so strange, for he was so strong—"

Bernarr Macfadden's grief was immeasurable. The death of his only son was a blow which bowed this strong and earnest man, and from which he rallied only by supreme and admirable courage.

In the February 1923 issue of *Physical Culture Magazine,* Mr. Macfadden published a memorium which reveals the stoic philosophy of his strong character better than any words of this writer. It follows herewith. There are those whose hearts bled for Mr. Macfadden in the writing of this article, for it seemed to many who know him, that in a frenzy of sorrow which he was trying to control, he could find his only relief in blaming himself and Mrs. Macfadden for their loss. It would be inconceivable to hold God responsible for such a tragedy—surely therefore, the only answer could be that they had themselves warranted their bereavement. Those who know what unique and remarkably in-

telligent and devoted parents Mary and Bernarr Macfadden are, can only grieve more deeply with them in reading this tribute to their baby boy. Certainly there would be few who would have the courage to take such an open and heart-breaking stand.

"The Story of Little Billy
"By Bernarr Macfadden

"Little Billy has passed into the Great Beyond. He remained with us but eleven months. Billy was his pet name. It seemed to fit him so well. He was such a manly little fellow, so strong, vigorous and self-assertive. Byron Macfadden was his real name. Ah, but he had such a wonderful smile. It was like a little bit of heaven. And when he turned that dazzling smile full upon you, your heart was won completely. He had so wound himself into our affections that he was infinitely dear to us. He had become a great big part of our home life. His welcoming smile was an important phase of my home-coming each day. Even his little sisters, not many years older than he, grew to love him most tenderly.

"And the possibility of losing our little Billy? Why it never occurred to us at any time! The thought of such a catastrophe would have been considered a wild dream.

"But the time came when he had to go, and the scorch-

ing, heart-searing sorrow that we had to endure cannot be described. Words are so absolutely meaningless at such times. They cannot even attempt to describe the pain that seemed to rend our very souls.

"And what made the appalling loss immeasurably worse was a full realization on our part that there was a possibility of our being, partly at least, to blame—that his death might have been avoided. A few days previous to the series of convulsions that preceded his passing away he had had a serious fall and we believe that this accident undoubtedly in some way, helped to bring about the fatal outcome.

"But we had depended too much upon his great, great strength and vitality. We were too confident of his ability to throw aside any physical difficulties that might come his way and we had to acknowledge that we could easily have been more careful.

"The mother love in Billy's case was unusually intense. He was the first boy. And the mother's heart went out to him with really terrible devotion. And the dear little fellow seemed to return that love.

"Mother love is perhaps the most beautiful of all things human, though there is but little intelligence associated with it. It is simply a mad devotion of the mother for the object of her affection.

"And so it was with Billy.

"Billy had that dominating way that was hard to resist.

He usually had what he wanted. Frequently he would even dictate as to his feeding time. He had the lungs of a young panther and when he howled for milk it was hard for mother to refuse.

"And consequently Billy was frequently over-fed. Anyway, I believe the boy was so strong that he would overcome mistakes of that nature. And it is hard to combat the tendencies of mother love.

"I also somewhat blame myself for neglecting his exercises. At the age of two or three months I began to give him various exercises and he reciprocated so vehemently that I saw slight signs of his becoming bow-legged. His legs were unusually strong and he would bob up to a standing position at the least temptation in that direction. Consequently I discontinued his special exercises. Later I concluded that the exercise he secured from crawling around the floor was sufficient.

"And I never began the systematic exercises that had been arranged for him.

"I played with him at frequent intervals. I enjoyed the radiant smile that he turned my way. In the mornings he would peek out of his crib at me, play hide and seek and until the thought of feeding time marred his countenance, he beamed with animated delight.

"Often mothers go into details when describing the irksome character of the responsibilities associated with the

care of a baby. But if the mother love is there, she is influenced momentarily, by a twisted viewpoint, and it takes something like the possibility of losing her baby to make her realize the true situation.

"In attempting to assuage the heart-gripping grief that came to us with our loss, a friend wrote:

" 'But the baby who died I have with me always. She has become a part of me. A beautiful inspiring, changeless part.

" 'I remember the old, foolish days and nights when I would grope about the dark cellar, kissing her crib, her high chair, frantic in my longing for her return. That passed and she really seemed to come back, not in any superstitious, ghostly way but just to steal inside of me, to become a part of me. A sweet, strong, something that I can never lose unless I am false to the ideals I have tried to follow.'

"Many parents blame the Almighty for the loss of their little ones. It is because of this tendency that the sorrow that has come to us is, in a small way, passed on to our friends. Don't be as over-confident as we were. Be prepared for emergencies by maintaining the vitality of your child at the highest possible point.

"We are baring our hearts in this sorrow as a lesson to parents everywhere. Many think that because of my beliefs there would be no mistakes made in my home, but it

is largely because of over-confidence in one's ability to overcome any difficulty that mistakes at times are made and allowed for long periods to go uncorrected.

"In an editorial appearing in these columns on one occasion, I said that whenever I saw a white hearse, headed for the cemetery, I believed that it represented an unnecessary death.

"And I believe it now just as I ever did.

"And when I followed the white hearse of my own child to the cemetery, the poignant grief that stunned me was more unbearable because of the full realization of the truth of that statement.

"God had not taken away our child. He had gone because of the absolute and unchangeable law of cause and effect. When a child is born with sufficient vitality to breathe the breath of life, with reasonably proper care it should grow into a complete fullness of adult manhood or womanhood.

"We should not blame our faults on the Almighty and it is time for parents everywhere to realize their own responsibilities and to stop blaming God for their own neglect and indifference to the needs and responsibilities of parenthood.

"When the crisis came in Billy's case, the exact same methods that were used so effectively with all our children, and in vast numbers of cases in homes where drugless

methods are favored, were depended on for results. That the same favorable reaction did not take place will always be a puzzling problem to me. The medical and non-medical practitioners who were called on the case rendered conscientious service, but without avail.

"It has been said that every great sorrow has a beneficent purpose back of it. Perhaps this is true in this instance, but it is indeed hard for us to accept that viewpoint.

"We have bared our hearts with the hope that the lesson taught by our experience will bear fruit in the form of better care for beloved children in every home."

Bernarr and Mary Macfadden sought their own assuagement in their grief after this tragedy. To begin with they wanted to be alone—alone together. And secondly, they felt that only in strenuous physical activity could they quiet the turmoil of their overstrained minds, and so their next move was an exceedingly wise one; for it is true that nothing so completely quiets the nerves and quells the imagination as sheer exhaustion.

They went up to the White Mountains, finding Crawford's Notch all but deserted in the profound icy silence and desolation of winter. Hand in hand they started to tramp back to civilization. Alone with their ache, they

walked from twenty-five to thirty miles a day, plowing through the deep drifts of snow in weather that was close to zero, facing the winds and the blizzards, cooking their own meals and trudging onward until sleep was welcome to their aching bodies,—stopping wherever they could for the night. The business, family, the world and its activities, all were forgotten as this man and wife clung to each other with brave determination to conquer their grief and prepare themselves to face life once more with fortitude.

Chapter V

Triumph!—and Troubles!

Upon returning to New York, both Bernarr and Mary Macfadden threw themselves headlong into taking up the threads of life once more—Mr. Macfadden with his business interests of his publications, Mrs. Macfadden in reëstablishing her family life on its old basis, and turning her thoughts to the remodeling of their Nyack home, for which she began active preparations. In addition to this, she continued her vigorous exercises, for she had found exhaustion to be a patent panacea, and sleepless nights were not to be allowed. She swam regularly, took up dancing again, and she and Mr. Macfadden played tennis. Mr. Macfadden usually plays barefooted during the summer.

A most unhappy episode that spring, threatened to develop into an additional serious tragedy in the Macfadden household. Once more all of Mr. Macfadden's intelligent efforts were called upon—this time to save the life of the wife who was the center of all his dreams, his chief confidante and his soul trusting and trustworthy companion.

Taken quite unaware, almost without any warning, Mrs. Macfadden alone faced the agony and horror of a miscarriage. She had not even known that she was pregnant, for

though she was feeling low, her menstruation was quite regular. The mishap was due to over-exercise. She had not been exercising very much for a few weeks and then on a sudden impulse, she swam a mile and walked a long distance all in one day, and the miscarriage was the natural result —quite a natural and usual result under circumstances of that kind.

Of course if Mrs. Macfadden had known that she was with child she would never have indulged in such strenuous activity. As a matter of fact had she not been in such remarkably fine physical condition, she would probably never have lived to tell the story of this tragedy.

It happened one morning suddenly when she was all by herself, that she was stricken with hemorrhages, and found herself in the throes of a miscarriage. Immediately their regular midwife was called, but by the time she arrived everything seemed to be over. It never occurred to Mrs. Macfadden but that she had expelled everything. But her suffering had been so intense and so weakening, that she was unable to relieve herself of the after-birth.

Although she naturally felt weak, Mrs. Macfadden resumed, more or less, her regular program of daily routine until on the sixth day after the miscarriage she was again subject to violent hemorrhages. This time they were exceedingly worried over the retention of any after-birth. Desperate efforts were made to call in the midwife im-

mediately, but she was out of town. A doctor was called, who advised taking Mrs. Macfadden to the hospital for immediate operation, insisting that her predicament might well develop into fatal results.

Perhaps at no other time in all his history did Mr. Macfadden show more supreme intelligence in his treatment of his wife than in this dangerous moment. Calm and unruffled he resorted to no radical or crude methods, which might well have been excused in a moment of hysteria. He made Mrs. Macfadden comfortable in her bed, talked soothingly and encouragingly to her, urging complete relaxation and trust in his presence. He prescribed for her and made her drink hot milk. Mrs. Macfadden consumed from eight to ten quarts diluted the first day, and with occasional snatches of sleep, was relieved of her fear and terror. By her side every minute the next day and night, Mr. Macfadden saw her through with the quiet, gentle assurance that all would be well. Hot water and hot milk again and again regularly until finally, with no pain and with no after effects of any kind, except a natural weakness, Mrs. Macfadden had passed her crisis and was on the way to recovery.

Bernarr Macfadden had found through prolonged experience with flushing the body that the full milk diet very greatly accelerates vital activity. On several occasions Mr. Macfadden has used this method for emptying the uterus

when something remained therein after child-birth. The ordinary method under these circumstances is to scrape the uterus; but the uterus will empty itself with the proper vital-building diet, and flushing the system seems to be extraordinarily valuable for the purpose. A most intelligent application of this method of treatment is necessary, however, with a thorough understanding of the individual case, for, Mr. Macfadden has noted and gives warning that a full milk diet continued for long seems to materially affect the mother's milk, which sometimes diminishes to such an extent that it cannot properly nourish the child.

On the occasion of Mrs. Macfadden's unfortunate miscarriage just related, the milk diet, as soon as it was taken in sufficient quantities to fully flush the system (which depends on size all together in any ordinary case—seven or eight quarts daily in the case of Mrs. Macfadden), the after-birth came away and Mrs. Macfadden was soon normal in every way.

It can be easily understood, however, that her recovery was a long and tedious process, requiring infinite care, and most gentle and intelligent supervision. What Mrs. Macfadden had been through in the last year would be enough to make a neurotic out of the average woman, who had not the bolster of common sense and will power. As it was, for all that she faced life serenely—a mark of character which is Mrs. Macfadden's most admirable quality—for

all that she forced herself to take a rational, sane outlook on the trouble she had been through, Mrs. Macfadden was not herself for more than a year. In fact she was never completely the laughing, kindly companion, the happy mother of a happy family, the interested and enthusiastic "silent partner" of her husbands interests or the carefree girlish homemaker, until, at Mr. Macfadden's wise insistence in the late fall of 1923, she again held a beautiful baby boy in her arms. Berwyn Macfadden was born on October 13, 1923, in New York City.

Troubles had not ceased then, but once more Mary Macfadden was able to face her problems as she had always faced them—with a sense of humor and a comfortable way of belittling them! This time, though, she wasn't worried and lonesome. She had perfect health and a little son close to her breast.

The family had been living in Nyack, where gradually the rambling property had been assuming, under Mrs. Macfadden's engineering, the proportions of a charming family estate. Here the family had been ensconced while Mr. Macfadden took his wife into town where she could have proper and constant care, and where he could be with her every spare moment—for indeed little Berwyn was born only a block away from his office. For two weeks after the baby boy's birth, they kept it a secret from Mrs. Macfadden that her entire brood was down with the measles

in Nyack! Immediately she heard it, the mother in her insisted upon being by their side, and since there was their new baby to consider, she felt she must be at least within sight of her ailing little ones, and so she and Berwyn were bundled into the limousine and brought out to Nyack, where they were completely isolated by themselves in the gardner's cottage, a hundred feet from the main house. Here, at least, she could see her little girls, call to them, lift up the baby brother to show them.

It might be of benefit here to tell Mr. Macfadden's treatment of this case of measles that swept their household. The four girls, Byrnece, Beulah, Braunda and Beverly were put on a strict diet of acid fruit, drinking quantities upon quantities of water with lemon for four or five days, then a diet of milk—either warm or cool as the children preferred it. BUT—! They were kept outdoors to play in the sun or lie in hammocks in the sun as much as possible, and if they felt like it, they were permitted to sleep outdoors at night. Of course, each child wore colored glasses to protect the eyes, and when in the sun, very dark glasses with a green shield over the forehead. They got through it on this treatment one hundred per cent. But only after a period of three weeks, after every trace of the disease had disappeared, and only when the house had been thoroughly fumigated, was Mrs. Macfadden permitted the risk of entering the house and introducing Mr. Berwyn to his sisters.

Chapter VI

A Real Home—and How to Guard It Against Sickness

Life in the Macfadden family reassumed normalcy around this time, and Mrs. Macfadden recaptured her old spirit, and with a good heart again assumed her loving task of keeping the family comfortable and happy. Mr. Macfadden's projects were growing by leaps and bounds, and in the back of his mind was the resolve to start a New York newspaper. In September 1924, *The New York Evening Graphic* made its début on the street corners, and according to usual history, defying and disproving half the advice and counsel which Mr. Macfadden's friends and associates gave him, achieved the impossible! In addition, Mr. Macfadden now controls the *Daily News* in Philadelphia, and a tiny gold mine in a paper called the *Automotive Daily News;* the *New York Daily Investment News, Detroit Daily News,* and the *New Haven Times.* These are his achievements in the newspaper world to date, though there's no prophesying what other additions there will be by the time this book is printed!

The family lived in Nyack—a life so harmonious and so unusually well-balanced that it will bear an intimate discussion here, not only for the help it may bring to other

families, but for the interest and admiration it has aroused in the numerous friends of the family who have visited them and marveled. It is an odd point to observe, on the score of friendship and friends, an attitude that may be the secret of the full communion of the Macfadden family which so few households these days experience or enjoy. For the Macfaddens are essentially friendly, kindly and helpful. They know no distinction of money, position, or name, in regard to their associations. The open sesame to their unbounded friendship is an earnest interest in life—the desire to live fully and to welcome any experience. Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden have a "host" of friends—from all corners of the earth, from all stations and walks; but let it be noted that there are very few who are close to the family or intimate with any one member. They are sufficient unto themselves. Yet this family absorption has never proved selfish to the slightest degree. They stand ready and happy to help everyone they come in contact with. They enjoy with an unusual relish discussions and associations—and their doors are more open to outsiders than those of almost any similar family in their position. They entertain frequently—generally with a touch of intimate family atmosphere, that everyone who visits their home enjoys and admires; but upon occasions with a lavishness and a standard that would defy the best home in New York. Yet no friend, however close, steps beyond the invisible

circle that they have drawn around themselves. Both Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden have many special friends, but neither has one boon companion or intimate confidante. It is the same with the children. They have each other and are supremely happy in themselves. Perhaps this is the answer to that perfect harmony that exists in the family.

Their home in Nyack was their first real home, and here Mrs. Macfadden exercised that supreme passion, dormant in every woman, to make herself and loved ones a little haven of peace and refuge from their busy world. Little by little she made additions to the house, refurnishing, remodeling, equipping it to the highest point of comfort—for comfort is all she asked. To this day Mrs. Macfadden, in an enviable position, with sufficient money behind her to gratify almost any wish, is not one to go in for swank, to hunger for ostentation or to strive for social worlds to conquer. She has her own world, and she is happy in it.

The charming homestead in Nyack was as attractive and congenial a place as anyone could hope to find. Much of the wildness of the grounds was left intact, but around the house a charming garden was planted (with due apologies to the landscapers) and in summer their place was a profusion of blossoms. This garden was divided among the four girls, each having their separate plot in which they grew and tended their own favorite flowers. In back of the house was a considerable patch set aside for Mr.

A family group at Nyack. Ice-skating, skiing and tobogganing are the delights of winter for the Macfaddens. Left to right: Bernarr Macfadden, standing behind Braunda. Helen standing, while the governess helps Byrnece, Braunda and Beverly with their skates.

Little Beverly, the youngest daughter, picks ice-skating as her favorite sport.

Macfadden's own delight. Here he grew strawberries and worked regularly in the production of a surprisingly good truck garden. The rest of the grounds and gardens was the responsibility of the gardener, who lived on the place.

The very unusualness of the grounds challenged interest in those who passed that way. The place was equipped with the best health producing apparatus known; slides, seesaws, rowing machines, chinning bars, punching-bags, rings and trapeze, to say nothing of the swimming pool that was built within a few feet of the house, and a first rate tennis court which was flooded for ice-skating in the winter. The swimming pool was regulation size, 20 feet wide and 60 feet long. At the shallow end it was 3 feet deep running gradually to 7 feet at the other end. The main house of stucco finish nestled in a little valley. A fair sized water-fall tumbled out of the wooded mountain not far behind the house, and splashed its way along the south side of the place into one little rustic brook after another.

The house was not large but it was commodious, about fifteen rooms, with a laundry in the cellar. The house faced the highway with the entrance barred by swinging iron gates. Great over-hanging elms and maples, spaced along the road, lent shade and majestic beauty to the approach. An automobile driveway ran by the house to the garage. Sleeping porches were built on, large enough to hold beds for the entire family. They were on the upper

story facing east. Back of the tennis court, snuggled against a hill on the far side of the brook, stood the gardener's home, a cottage so charmingly built, so individual in its outlines that almost anyone would like to call it home. Over the garage, a four room and bath bungalow was built; and this was their own private school fully equipped with black-boards, radio and phonograph, a charming children's library, fireplace, and the regulation school desks to complete the atmosphere. Here the governess instructed the children each day as regularly as if they were attending school.

On May 18, 1925 in New York City, Brewster Macfadden was born, another boy to bless their home. The circumstance of Brewster's birth is a most interesting and unusually admirable decision on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden, who proved again how supreme was their inner feeling of their duties of parenthood. For in this case, they planned for the happiness of their family with a deliberate and noble desire to give every joy and benefit to the son they already had. Few parents there are who so seriously take the future of their children, planning to round out the life and interests of their man-child. After little Berwyn was born Mrs. Macfadden talked to her husband about the necessity of having a companion for him. She felt it was really a tragedy for a child to grow up without companionship at home of a child of similar age and she determined to have another

child and she determined that child should be a boy. Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden had many conversations about this and planned it very definitely and when Brewster came along in accordance with this plan, Mrs. Macfadden was very much elated with the wisdom of her reasoning. Brewster, is just about 15 months younger than Berwyn and they are already great playmates and in three or four years there will be but little difference in their size. It is of very great value to each of them to have companionship of this sort.

This made a family of seven children settling down in earnest to living life to its fullest. For a considerable period they resided in Nyack, with their winters spent in New York City. No doubt a brief outline of what they accomplished, hand-in-hand, as a happy, active family, in that time, will be of infinite interest and value to every American home. They made many experiments and accomplished many astounding things—of course; they made their mistakes, but always they profited by them.

Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden have found the system of home-teaching of excellent advantage in many ways. Naturally they chose the best woman obtainable to train the young minds of their youngsters. One day Mrs. Macfadden thought she had found an ideal governess.

"But it's difficult to teach an old dog new tricks," Mrs. Macfadden explained later. "That woman was delightful when she came and eulogized the girls to the skies. I

really thought she was a perfect discovery, and both Bernarr and I were happy over having her here. We could go to the city and not worry. But we soon found out she was a great mistake. *She wanted to train the girls down into society buds!"* Mrs. Macfadden then went on to explain, that the teacher did not seem to realize that she was handling children of different caliber than other children who had been tutored by her. If she did, then she did not approve of the régime established and set out to make corrections. Many things which were daily duties for the Macfadden children were vetoed by the governess. She could not countenance running races for girls who were now growing to be young ladies. Young ladies walked slowly, never ran. Young ladies sat languidly with a book instead of tumbling on the grass and swimming for hours in the tank. She did not hesitate to state her mind as to manners, and what she considered best for the daughters of a man in Mr. Macfadden's financial position.

Nor did the girls cease to rebel against her authority.

She had been taken on trial for a month.

"I kept her on," explained Mrs. Macfadden, "first, because she was on a month's trial, secondly, it was a good lesson for my girls. When they get out into the world, they'll find many a person they won't like very well, but still be obliged to associate with. I want them to understand and

to learn how to treat a person who is not pleasing to them. They won't always be with their father and me."

There were two reasons why Bernarr Macfadden would not permit his children to attend school. He preferred that they be educated at home under his own supervision. (A detailed account of the amazing theories that Mr. Macfadden put into practice in his system of educating his children will be described further on, showing his adopted course and what the results were.)

One reason which seriously prevented Mr. Macfadden from registering his children in a school was that he didn't wish his girls to associate at a very young age with the other children, because of the prudery with which the average child has been reared. Their information about sex and all its various phases came from vile and vulgar sources, and Mr. Macfadden didn't wish his children to be contaminated with this vulgarity. He wished them to hold on to the idea of sex as something sacred, and he had no intention of letting their little minds become tainted with the smut and dirt that is circulated among school children in reference to sex, and the source of life generally. Every Governess that has had charge of the Macfadden girls has remarked upon the clean minded outlook on sex and on the facts of life, which is the rare heritage of the Macfadden children. They never use a smutty, blasphemous word or vulgar expression; they know nothing about smut as it is

understood and handed around in public schools everywhere.

Mr. Macfadden's other objection to sending his children to school was that vaccination was required, and one of Mr. Macfadden's most vigorous stands has been against vaccination. On the other hand their private school with its individual instruction was of unquestionable advantage to the children. Vaccination is Mr. Macfadden's *bête noire*. Figuratively speaking, his hair stands on end at its mention, and it is thick hair, too.

He demanded how the medical men of the country dare take the stand that they are the keepers of their brothers' bodies. Certainly their unavailing efforts to lessen disease hardly justifies their presumption. How have they been able to so insinuate themselves into the law that everyone, whether he believes in it or not, must be filled with, and be made ill by, putrid pus squeezed from the abdomen of a sick cow, which cow had been previously inoculated with small pox virus? If you could hear Bernarr Macfadden explain it, you would jump over on his side of the fence and add one more to the many who are fighting for the privilege of not being infected with filth.

It all sounds so cruel, so wickedly intrusive when one hears him take it up from the beginning and talk it out. It seems truly impossible that educated men, fine physicians, could be blinded to facts he has presented. But it is true.

A lot of us who resent encroachment on our personal liberty are not willing to admit off hand that it is all blindness on the part of these egotistical gentlemen. There are other reasons, and these reasons have something to do with the lining of pockets with gold.

It does not need a brilliant mind to work out the principle of mathematics in this connection. One with ordinary intelligence knows that an enormous amount of money is made by physicians from vaccination, and it is but human for those who take in so much easy cash to be loath to see it stop; especially when so many of the directors of *materia medica* advocate the foolish practice.

Think of it! Hark back to some morning when you have been passing a large public school. Oh, the host of little children, and that host is multiplied many, many times throughout the state and nation! Looking at the matter from the standpoint of gain, one does not wonder at the fight the doctors are putting up to retain it. It is not impossible that that aspect might account in part for the vigor with which the propaganda in its favor is maintained.

The gentle means Bernarr Macfadden recommends to eliminate the danger of smallpox, makes a person sigh with relief that such a man lives. We are glad that he does, glad that he has the stamina to take the stand. Cleanliness, absolute and perfect, is the one sure way of escaping the disease; and if by chance you do contract it, there will be

little danger to life and of the pitting of the skin, if hydropathic and other natural measures of treatment are followed.

The pity of the thing is that the doctors themselves know that rarity of the disease is not due to vaccination but to the improvements in hygiene and sanitation. The honest ones admit it without any quibble, and now and then you will find a medical man who refuses to administer the filthy pus from a sick cow; who insists that the supposed cure is worse than the disease.

There is not space here to write down the cure for smallpox as Mr. Macfadden has worked it out. Nor is it, indeed, worthwhile. Smallpox occurs so rarely nowadays that it would be quite forgotten if it were not for agitation in connection with the vaccination question. At the same time Mr. Macfadden's treatment is an interesting thing to read, and you will find it set down at length in his *Encyclopedia of Physical Culture*. Vaccinated or unvaccinated, don't worry about smallpox. Keep clean inside and outside, eat judiciously and exercise freely, and then, even if the disease appears at your elbow it will go its dirty way, leaving you unharmed. Right now while you are in buoyant health seek for the means which will keep your body free from impurities. Don't forget to breathe fresh air. Give yourself a chance to keep well by exercising every muscle.

Bernarr Macfadden's article in the July 1922 issue of *Physical Culture Magazine* shows his vigorous stand on this subject:

"Damning Evidence Against Vaccination
"By Bernarr Macfadden

"The advocates of vaccination remind me of a lecturer on hypnotism.

"Holding up a white flag he said to his audience: 'This is a black flag. It may look white to you, but it is black.'

" 'No! No!' protested the audience.

" 'Yes! Yes!' replied the lecturer. 'It's black and I can prove it's black.' But his proof was a list of his credentials.

"He was a graduate of the royal college of somewhere. His auditors had heard of this great institution. Therefore they bowed down to the edict of the lecturer.

"So it is with the advocates of vaccination. They point to their authority from the royal college of something or other. They refuse to answer questions or to debate. It is beneath their dignity.

" 'Vaccination protects one from smallpox because it does.' This is sufficient—at least to the vaccinating doctor.

"As far back as 1908 there was sufficient information as to the influence of vaccination in Japan to cause any civilized nation governed by an intelligent, just people, to stop vaccination.

"For twenty years ending 1908, figures from dependable statistics proved that Japan had more smallpox and a larger smallpox mortality than any civilized country in the world during that same period.

"Japan was then the most vaccinated country in the world Vaccination was compulsory. People were vaccinated and revaccinated, and yet during that period 171,500 people acquired smallpox; 48,000 died from smallpox. And remember that all these victims of smallpox were vaccinated and revaccinated.

"If vaccination protects one from smallpox, why did 171,500 acquire the disease? And why the mortality record of 28 per cent, among these cases? These figures are from official statistics supplied by the Director of Sanitariums, Bureau of the Department of Home Affairs of Tokio.

"In the Philippine Islands the deaths from smallpox during the year of 1919 were 44,488. The sanitary affairs of the country are controlled by the medical men of the United States Army. This means compulsory vaccination for everybody. And yet there were 44,488 deaths during 1919!

"Great Britain might be termed the least vaccinated country in the civilized world. Vaccination there is not compulsory, yet in this country, with a greater population there were only 28 deaths during the year 1919.

"Vaccination will not bear the light of a clear analysis. Those who believe in this vile practice cannot define it before an intelligent audience. Figures don't lie. The statistics of the medical men themselves prove vaccination to be a monumental fraud.

"We therefore condemn vaccination.

"First, because it materially increases the tendency toward smallpox, as is evidenced by the experience of (a) Japan, as furnished by the statistics of that country; (b) by the evidence as furnished by the Philippine Islands since vaccination has been in vogue in that country; (c) by a comparison of the number of cases in the Philippine Islands during 1919 with the number of cases in England, where vaccination is not compulsory, during the same year.

"Second, because vaccination directly causes a number of deaths in excess of that which smallpox is supposed to produce without vaccination.

"Third, it is now admitted by many of the ablest physicians and scientists that the constitutional taint produced by vaccination causes a tendency towards all pus-forming diseases like catarrh, consumption, pneumonia, etc.

Chapter VII

Mr. Macfadden's Views on Education

The Macfaddens' view on education is vitally important. The children have been trained at home by governesses until 1927, at which time Byrnece expressed a desire to attend a regular school, and Beulah followed in her footsteps. They attended the Dwight School at Englewood, but before long they realized that they had had much more freedom at home, and none of them experienced the adventure or excitement that they thought school would mean. It is interesting to note that they were capable of entering classes of girls of their own age, so their home teaching has certainly been up to standard. Byrnece continued her studies at home.

The children's expressed desire to go to school caused considerable discussion in the family. For, while Byrnece wanted to go to boarding school, and Mr. Macfadden approved, feeling that such an experience gives a girl a sense of independence and self-reliance, Mrs. Macfadden had all she could do to entertain the thought. But happily the girls weakened as the time drew near for a separation, and decided that they would be miserable away from home. Again there was consideration of a co-educational school

for Mr. Macfadden believes firmly that both sexes should mingle at all ages, both at work and at play, and that only such contact through life can bring complete sympathy and understanding between boys and girls. He disapproves of any discipline by parents that would forbid a girl's having the company of boy companions, having beaux or friends of the opposite sex. For a girl isolated, as she goes through the formative period, is apt to have one or two very unfortunate reactions; either she idealizes the opposite sex, or develops an over-normal yearning and a too highly colored romantic view, or else she is apt to consider the opposite sex with unnatural distaste, a strong fear or horror that too often develops into an obsession. In either case, the parent eventually faces a problem far more severe than any he dreamed of; for anyone with an abnormal outlook on the question is apt, in all innocence or in a distorted sense of desperation, to embark blindly upon dangerous seas. It is always best for boys and girls to know each other and to grow up together; though it is wise, of course, for older people to supervise, if only indirectly. To sleep with one eye open, to urge confidences, and to remember their own youth! Whenever possible, it is best to keep the association between boys and girls after a certain age on a plane of activity—outdoor exercises, games, making things together and doing things together; in other words, there should be, as much as possible, another interest in their association besides themselves.

Further on the matter of education, both Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden believe in and have adopted this system, so intermingling work and play, study and recreation, that the children have not always been aware that they were learning, in fact their daily life should be a matter of developing character and gleaning knowledge. They are never forbidden anything without knowing the reason why. All things are permissible and understandable, but certain things are "bad taste." Their sense of competition, and the "bargain idea," and the system of reward and punishment, have been the mainstay of the Macfaddens' philosophy with their own growing children. They are encouraged to outdo each other in all fields, and invariably the one who stands highest is given a prize, whether it is for swimming, for French, for gardening or cooking. This not only urges them to strive to do their best, but gives the winner a sense of well-earned pride in achievement. The "bargain idea" is valuable from many points—for, certainly in the world of barter and trade, of give as well as take, it inculcates a community feeling—a responsibility to and from others. For example, there are certain things to be done. There is no reason for one to do it, and the others to loaf. The one who does the job earns some desirable object that she had been wanting. In this case, it is necessary to make it a rule that the same "jobs" are never dealt out as a matter of punishment for misdemeanor.

The system of reward and punishment which they

The Macfadden girls are trained in dancing almost from the cradle. Most of the time they study and work out of doors on their own grounds—and almost always barefoot. Here are (left to right) Byrnece, Beverly, Braunda and Beulah.

The four youngest Macfadden girls—(left to right) Braunda, Beverly, Byrnece, and Beulah. They danced in these costumes, in the icy winds of Central Park at a Christmas show—and never caught cold!

adopted is entirely different. The reward is not in any sense a bribe, for it is not offered with the same view as the "bargain idea." In other words, the "bargain idea" is an actual business deal for something special, whereas, the reward is not promised beforehand. It is either offered as a prize or given freely as a recognition of a special effort or control. Punishment in the Macfadden family is not a laughing matter, and some of the punishments administered are unique and worthy of the consideration of other families. To begin with, there is one rule, the word of the parents is law. They are willing to explain and to reason, but they will never argue, and they will not brook disobedience. It has taken only one or two good spankings at the beginning, with each child at an early age, to establish a complete recognition of their stand on this point. But spankings for the most part are not a form of punishment—they are rare, only to make an extraordinary impression.

Here follows some editorial comments on this subject taken from the *New York Evening Graphic*.

Spare the Child and Spoil the Rod.

Beating children is usually an evil.

They should be taught and guided, not beaten.

No amount of physical torture can put goodness into a child.

Children are not made better by beating.

Their natural love and respect for their parents are not increased by beating.

Rather, these are decreased.

Fear of punishment becomes the chief reason for obedience.

The clever children soon learn that they can evade punishment.

As soon as they are large enough and old enough no longer to fear their mother they will do as they please.

The mother will have no more control over them.

Her weapon is fear and time will rob her of this.

Many children leave home to escape beatings.

More develop the habit of lying and deceiving in order to escape a beating.

If grown-ups were beaten every time they erred, as children are, few adults would ever be able to sit down.

Why do we demand greater perfection of our children than of ourselves?

Why do we not teach our children both by precept and example, instead of trying to beat goodness into them?

One of Mr. Macfadden's ideas for the treatment of the well-known tantrums, that are the terror of all parents, is immediate and lasting in its effect. Any child in the Mac-

fadden household who gets an inspiration to scream at the top of its lungs, or go into a fit of temper, is immediately stripped and put into a cold bath. This has a cyclonic reaction, and it is a thousand to one that the child will never indulge in a tantrum again. Of course any danger to the child's health is counteracted by giving it a brisk energetic rubbing, immediately after, with soft friction gloves. Another effective punishment in the cases of stubbornness or unwillingness to conduct themselves properly is to put a child alone in a room and leave it there for as long a period as would be safe. If the child is so young that it might hurt itself, if left alone, by reaching or handling things, it is better to put it in a small waiting room or vestibule or a large empty closet that has a window. If the child proceeds calmly to entertain itself, and be perfectly happy alone in a room, the parents should ignore this point and leave it alone long enough for the child to really tire and weaken in its defiance. In other words, if meals are brought to it and a child is left an entire day it is ten to one that it will come to its senses.

But Mr. Macfadden has other punishments which are loaded with the dynamite of common sense. To deprive a child of ice cream or some other delicacy which the others are enjoying; to leave one child home from the movies (which by the way is an occasional family spree); to deprive it of a dress when the others are getting new dresses

(this in the case of some serious offense);—these are some of the demanded payments for wrong-doing that have a striking effect. Never have the Macfaddens punished by making a child go without a meal, for, in their family, this is never given the onus of a punishment—fasting is one of the necessities of good health and is kept on that dignified basis. Never is a child given a special task to accomplish as a punishment; for work, too, demands the dignity that should not be confused with a sense of burden or with other distasteful views.

Mr. Macfadden's "Punishment" in one matter that is a problem to innumerable families is exceedingly valuable; training children to avoid bed-wetting is an important and vital matter. As a rule it can be done at an exceedingly tender age. With those with whom they have had difficulty, Mr. Macfadden believes that the children themselves should wash whatever they soiled—their panties or their sheets. This disagreeable operation usually has a beneficial effect. But with the occasional case where the problem is a serious or lingering matter lasting from the age of four to six, the parents must realize that no doubt its cause is a physical weakness of some sort, calling for careful diet (no liquids during the late afternoons) or for a physical examination with actual treatment.

Perhaps because of their physical conditions, there has never been any trouble with the matter of teething. Mr.

Macfadden permits the babies to have a bone to help chew, as long, of course, as it is not permitted to get dirty. In normal health there should be no trouble or fever with teething. As they grow up great attention is paid to the teeth. The children are never permitted very much candy or sweets (almost the entire sweet diet consists of home-made ice cream and sweet fruit and nut candies) or candy made with honey instead of sugar. So the condition of their teeth is not a matter of constant worry. They are taken to the dentist occasionally for examination and cleaning; though Beulah had to undergo a severe process of straightening.

Here is an editorial from the *New York Evening Graphic* which gives, in a few forcible paragraphs, Bernarr Macfadden's opinion on dental troubles:

Take Care of Your Teeth

Very few people realize the effect of good teeth upon the general health.

Our teeth were given us for mastication purposes, and although much of the food we eat is mushy in nature, nevertheless it requires a certain amount of chewing.

The chewing process mixes the food with the saliva, and no matter whether you are eating a liquid or a solid food, this combining of the saliva with the food as it is masticated is extremely important.

Good dentists are to be found, but they are not as plentiful as they should be.

Some neglect to clean their instruments in a proper manner, and their patients are often infected with disease that may be more or less serious in nature.

Therefore, be sure that you select a good dentist, one whose honesty and ability you can absolutely rely upon. And then it is a good plan to have him look over your teeth at least once or twice a year, or more frequently.

The teeth should be kept free from tartar. There are many good dentifrices that will help in this process quite materially.

And remember to select a tooth brush that is dependable. The bristles should be held in so tightly that they will not come out in the mouth or between the teeth.

Brush your teeth up and down instead of sideways. In fact, it is desirable to brush them in every direction.

In an editorial some time ago I called attention to the desirability of pressing the gums with the fingers after brushing the teeth once or twice a day. The gums should be pressed or massaged very vigorously. This process will harden the gums to an unusual extent; and if you are bothered with bleeding gums you can usually rely on this method for a remedy.

There is still another natural means of vitalizing the teeth and gums which is not used sufficiently. Most people

have an inherent inclination to clean their teeth with their tongue after a meal. There are always particles of food that remain between the teeth or between the gums and lips. It will be found greatly advantageous to exaggerate the use of this process. It should be continued far beyond the usual habit time. Go over the teeth again and again with the tongue. This will thoroughly cleanse the mouth and make the tissues healthier in every way.

And remember in selecting a dentifrice be sure it is put out by a reliable concern and has been properly recommended.

Mr. Macfadden's ideas about educating his children are just as radical as his other ideas. Once having begun really to think about things, he examines everything, questions everything, and continually brings to light errors, fostered by precedent and convention, which hinder human progress. His conclusions may not coincide with yours, but it will be instructive at least to listen to what he orders for his children.

He himself never went to college. His was not a family of affluence, and from the time he was a very young boy, he had his own way to make. He had neither the time nor the money to give, and he now says that escaping college was but one of the blessings in disguise that came to him

from his poverty. Furthermore, his attention was early turned in quite another direction, to physical culture, which has been his life work. But in later years he made a study of educational methods.

The important and fundamental propositions which he advances in relation to education may be tabulated roughly as follows:

Children should not go to school too early.

Children should go to school only part of the day, and they should not be permitted or required to study lessons out of hours.

Physical training should be an integral part of the scholastic curriculum and should be systematically and intelligently taught.

Children should be given instruction in personal and sex hygiene.

Children should go to school part of every day. The long vacations are detrimental.

Children learn more by observation, association, and interrogation than they do by formal instruction.

Children should be given thorough training in the elementary subjects; a foundation should be laid upon which they may in later years develop their own particular brand of culture.

There is too much deadwood in our public school and college curriculums.

MR. MACFADDEN'S VIEWS ON EDUCATION

Every child should be taught a trade or fitted for a particular job.

Mr. Macfadden contends in his *Encyclopedia of Physical Culture*:

"The errors in our educational system have much to do with the physical degeneracy of the race. The pressure to which our children are subjected in the public schools has the result of sapping their vitality, retarding their physical growth, undermining their nervous systems and preparing the way for a devitalizing manhood or a neurasthenic, unwomanly womanhood."

He advises that parents be not in too great a hurry to send their children to school. The first thing, the important thing, to do for a child is to give him a sound physical foundation for growth and the establishment of superhealth. No consideration of scholastic training is sufficiently important to interfere with this prerequisite. Even Plato stated this theory! Mr. Macfadden says in *Physical Culture for Baby*:

"The best education you can possibly give him [your child] is to teach him first to be a good human animal—with a well-developed physique.

"When a child's body is growing as it should, Nature doesn't pay much attention to teaching it the multiplication table."

So there is little done in the way of formal instruction

for the Macfadden children until they have passed the age of six. But the lives of the Macfadden children are not all one roly-poly tumble of play which is interrupted, from time to time, only by meals of whole-wheat bread, honey and vegetables. No, no, nothing of the sort! The four girls devote a part of every working day to obtaining the groundwork of an education upon which they may build later to their individual liking. At the beginning they were in school three hours a day, six days in the week, from nine to twelve o'clock in the morning. Later the hours were lengthened to four, from nine to one o'clock. They have a ten minute recess during the session, at least half of which must be spent upon the flying rings which are part of their outdoor gymnasium.

Mr. Macfadden points out that most children spend too many hours closely confined in the school room. At least six hours, sometimes seven, the youngster is kept with back bent and head bowed over his desk or else reciting in class. This might not be so bad for the fellow who has every advantage at home in the way of food, fine fresh air and opportunities for vigorous and entertaining exercise; and if he were not compelled to think of his studies again until he was again back in school. But so anxious are school authorities and parents to see the children ready for college at sixteen or seventeen that the evening hours must be sacrificed to learning the lessons for the ensuing day.

The results Mr. Macfadden is getting, seem to indicate that the parents and teachers who are driving our children so hard are defeating their own object. A high-strung child cannot stand years of such drudgery.

"What use," asked he, "is a head full of advanced learning if the body is a nervous wreck?"

In the *Encyclopedia of Physical Culture* he makes his charge against our public schools and colleges even broader. He says:

"Besides, it is a question if a school education is of any real value, anyway, apart from the essentials of reading, writing and arithmetic, and perhaps a little history and geography. They do not learn to apply the knowledge which they gain, and would not have the time to apply it if they wished. The most important factors in development of character are self-reliance initiative, originality and judgment, the first one of these involving the latter; yet in our school system there are not sufficient opportunities for cultivating these qualities."

He then outlines briefly his own ideas of true education.

"Education, whether at home or at school, should emphasize four things, namely, observation, reflection, correlation and review. Teach a child to do these four things and he will become educated in spite of all obstacles that may come in his pathway. Observation is perception of facts. If observation is constantly alert it sees thousands

of things that would otherwise be passed by, and it sees them so often that it remembers them and thus disciplines memory. If reflection is then aroused and one thinks, that is, ponders over what he has observed, he is naturally led to the law of correlation, and even a child can be made to see the close relation that exists between ocean, sun, fog or cloud, rain, nourishment of crops, food, personal satisfaction of appetite, and health. Without the ocean and sun there could be no fog or cloud; no fog, no rain; no rain, no crops; no crops, no food; no food, no eating and no health. Hence life depends upon the ocean and the sun. This conclusion is the result of observation, reflection and correlation, and where really scientific education begins. The fourth principle, review, is the wise method of caution, of going over the same ground again and again, which leads to the discovery of incorrect or incomplete observation and correlation, and therefore assures the mind and keeps the knowledge one has from becoming stale and out of date.

"It should never be forgotten that one of the chief functions of education is *to teach us to think*, and the process here outlined has been demonstrated again and again as being most effective. It may unhesitatingly be affirmed that very few persons think. By thoughts I mean thought of their own. They all think they think, but in reality they are merely turning over in their minds thoughts that have been given by others. The people who think in every age

and in every walk of life are the iconoclasts, the revolutionists, the rebels. They see things from a new standpoint because they have observed, reflected, coördinated and thought for themselves.

Should Mr. Macfadden succeed in making six thinkers of his six children, who can foresee the wonders they may accomplish in the world!

It is perhaps surprising to see the Macfadden children attending school during the summer months, when public school children are enjoying their long vacation. Their father considers it better for the girls to go fewer hours a day for more months, than to be cooped up so many hours a day for nine months in the year and to be allowed to run wild the other three. By that regimen the young students are not forgetting through vacation what they learned during the scholastic year. There are no breaks in their progress. The half-day they do spend in school is not an intolerable burden, and they move steadily onward towards the goal of attainment. Nor do they, in the long periods of idleness and exemption from discipline, acquire habits which have to be abandoned or which interfere with their advancement. And, too, it deviates one big bugbear in the lives of most young students. After weeks of freedom there comes that first day of school, a day dreaded by the average child almost as if he were going to be imprisoned.

Indeed, Mr. Macfadden thinks that the ordinary method

of school-going is an imprisonment, detrimental to the minds and bodies of our youth. Of course, his children get a week of complete recreation and "vacation" six or seven times a year, and this gives them enough relaxation from too constant grind.

During the summer—in fact in all clement weather, the Macfadden children go barefoot as much as they wish (until the supper hour, when they dress for the family meal). Bernarr Macfadden often walks on long hikes barefooted himself, for he believes the actual contact with the earth of high benefit. Feet are a rabid point with Bernarr Macfadden. Note his editorial in the *New York Evening Graphic* of June 19, 1928.

Shoes Make or Break You

The importance of proper fitting shoes is rarely recognized.

Health is often wrecked because of this one mistake.

Your bodily activity depends to a large extent upon your ability to use your feet freely.

Tight shoes hinder one's desire for bodily activity. You cannot move around easily and swiftly with tight, uncomfortable shoes, and high heels are disastrous in their effect upon the physical organism.

Our feet were made to walk upon. They should be allowed to spread out as nature intended. A heel has been

supplied to our feet that in itself is perfect in every way.

There can be no serious objection to a moderately low heel, though it is well to know that the most graceful and beautiful dancing is done by those who wear shoes that allow the feet unlimited freedom, and in a heelless shoe.

To retain the spirit of youth, one of life's most invaluable possessions, the muscles throughout the entire body must be used with reasonable regularity.

The body can maintain its suppleness and youthfulness far beyond the age that is supposed to bring feebleness and senility if one will closely adhere to the laws of life and health, and especially to those elemental requirements essential to maintain the strength and beauty of the body throughout its every part.

The right kind of a shoe is one that allows the feet to spread out just as if you were walking bare-footed. Any shoe that forces the toes together greatly interferes with the circulation and distorts the foot.

The straight line on the inside of the foot should be maintained. The big toe should never be pushed towards the second toe. It should extend straight ahead.

Any malformation of the shape of the foot lessens its strength, materially interferes with its use, and helps to bring on old age throughout every part of the body.

Use your feet as nature intended. Give them every possible freedom.

When you restrict your feet you lessen to a corresponding degree not only the strength of your body but the clearness and vigor of your mind.

If you want the enticing charm that comes with splendidly wholesome womanhood or the strength and vitality of vigorous manhood, be sure to recognize the important needs of your feet.

And, of course, as has been printed out here before, sunlight is Bernarr Macfadden's religion—for at any age the sun's rays are more potent than any bottle of medicine concoction—or any prolonged hospital treatment. Here is one of the hundreds of editorials on this subject, taken from the *New York Evening Graphic* of October 25, 1927:

Sunlight A Great Health Builder

Rickets is a disease of nutrition.

One of its principal symptoms is defective development of the bones and teeth.

They are of poor texture and are brittle.

They lack strength and also lack resistence to disease.

They grow in various styles of distortion.

The principal cause of rickets is lack of sunlight.

The principal corrective of rickets is sunlight.

The swimming Pool at Englewood.

Left: Rub-a-dub-dub. Three Babes in a Tub. Braunda, Beulah, and Beverly chose a boat of their own for the swimming pool. Right: A sun bath—tiny Byrnece, Beulah and Braunda.

The principal preventive of rickets is sunlight.

About 97 per cent of the babies born in our northern cities suffer more or less with rickets.

As we travel southward, this percentage gradually lowers until it almost vanishes.

Babies born in the spring have less rickets than babies born in the late fall.

Babies born in the spring receive more sunlight during their first year of life.

Spring and summer are the times when children grow.

They grow most rapidly where they are out in the sun much, and more rapidly still where their nude bodies are exposed to the sun.

The more sunlight they received the more rapidly they grow and develop.

In the tropics their growth is almost constant, so that they mature seven to ten years earlier than in the north.

It is not only the bones that are benefited by sunlight.

Muscles, skin, hair, blood, brain and nerves, and, in fact, every tissue and cell in the body are benefited by the sun's rays.

In the summer we dress our children lightly and have them outdoors as much as possible.

They suffer as a result of being deprived of the beneficial rays of the sun.

There is less sun in the winter than in the summer, but

there is enough to greatly benefit your child if you will give it to him or her.

A sun bath can be given in your own room if you have one into which the sun shines.

The sun's rays must come through an open window. They must not filter through glass.

Open the top sash or the lower one, and place your nude child in the sunshine that comes through the open window.

Give your child the advantage of all the sunlight this winter affords.

It will have better health. It will grow and develop more normally.

It will be less likely to develop rickets.

It will suffer less from other diseases so common at this time of the year.

The trouble of giving your child a sun bath is not great, but the good it will do cannot be fully estimated.

Bernarr Macfadden has simple ideas as to the value of toys for children at any age. To him, toys should be useful and instructive, developing the reason and logic of a child. They are not *essentially* for play, but rather a substitute for a real play—for the real fun and the best play can be only out-of-doors. What child would not prefer to make mud pies, or hunt birds' nests, or seesaw than play with the best electric engine manufactured? Note his editorial written

shortly after Christmas 1926 in the *New York Evening Graphic*:

Toys of Doubtful Value

Toys usually discourage the child in the normal exercise of its creative imagination.

They often teach a child to be wasteful.

They sometimes teach the child to treat his possessions with contempt.

The best toys a child can use are those he makes with his own hands.

The toys so freely used today frequently supplant the desire to create with the desire to buy.

Children easily learn covetousness by seeing toy windows, toy shops and the toys of their playmates.

Toys are painted in bright colors to catch the eyes of children.

Toys are made to be active to attract the attention of children.

Every advantage is taken of child psychology in the efforts to load the child's arm with worthless toys—toys that last but a day and are forgotten.

Many factors in modern child life are unnatural and detrimental to child development.

We do too much for children.

We teach them dependence.

They should learn independence.

They should be self-reliant.

They should be permitted to depend on their own ingenuity.

Let them build and create for themselves.

The city child is greatly handicapped in this respect.

He has no playhouse; no workshop, no playground.

There are no sticks and stones, no pieces of colored glass, broken crocker, bits of steel and iron for him to experiment with.

Young ducks raised on hard floors and never allowed in the water never learn to swim.

Their instinct for swimming is suppressed and finally lost altogether.

Young children raised in city apartments never learn to create.

Their creative instincts are suppressed.

They need more of nature and less of books—more opportunity to create and less toys.

Christmas is past.

The toy buying season is over.

Many children have been overloaded with cheap toys.

Fortunately, the toys won't last long. The children will smash them.

Don't give your children too many toys.

Or give them toys that will arouse their ingenuity.

Don't buy them expensive toys. Don't teach them wastefulness and spendthriftness.

We often ruin our children and then blame the children.

Prisons and electric chairs are the penalties they face when they grow up, and the blame should often be shouldered by the parents.

Chapter VIII

How His Theories Are Practiced at Home

Bernarr Macfadden's sympathy for the average child is touching. Certainly he remembers his own youth!

"Starting in at early morning," Mr. Macfadden relates, "the poor little average helpless, unsuspecting child is aroused from his sleep. All is excitement in the household while father is getting away and the children are making ready for school. Half the time is spent hunting for things mislaid. Then a hasty breakfast which the child thrusts into his stomach only partly masticated. A few minutes after eight, books in hand, he is away to school. Until twelve with the exception of a short recess he is drilled in classes. An hour for eating lunch which he often carries with him.

"Lunches, packed in boxes or baskets, are seldom what they should be. Great is the number of mothers ignorant as to what they should feed their children. It is much better for the child to walk home to his meal where mother can supervise his eating, than to sit in the school house and gobble his food quickly that he may get out to play.

"At one or a quarter after he is back at his desk, and by four he is home and is given permission to play a while,

but there is no one who knows enough to guide his play, so that the best results may be obtained in the short time stipulated.

"Too many children eat dinner at night, which is all wrong. Too much is put into that delicate organ, the stomach, with no exercise afterwards to help digest it. Dinner, even for adults, is better served in the middle of the day when it is possible.

"After dinner that bugbear, homework! At nine at night sighingly the child closes his books, and then you are obliged to tell him it is time to go to bed. With his head full of figures or diagrams, perhaps Latin verbs, or the rules of algebra or geometry, or it may be with the impassioned cries of Queen Dido from her funeral pyre in his ears, he crawls into bed, a very exhausted child indeed, often no more fit for sleep than if he had a ripe case of old-fashioned itch.

"And so day after day, month after month, through fall, winter and spring, the heavy drag on the young body goes on."

"'Fearfully and wonderfully made is the human body,'" quotes Mr. Macfadden. "Surely if the divine intelligence weren't present to strengthen and guide, many children would be physical wrecks before they reached their teens. I shudder to think of my children being so tortured. I think I have discovered the rules which, if followed, should make gorgeous women and manly men of them."

"Make play of education," suggests Mr. Macfadden. "Encourage the youngster, from the first, to ask the million and one questions that every healthy, normal child can ask, and he will accumulate a really surprising amount of education.

"Alexander and Karl von Humboldt, two of the best and most soundly educated men the world has ever known, were educated in this 'hap-hazard' way. They had tutors who talked to them, and answered their questions about everything—especially about all the wonderful things of Nature that were found on, or were suggested by, their father's immense estate.

"Of course, not many of us can enjoy these splendid advantages. Yet we can make the most of what has been provided for us, and give to our children ourselves, our love, and the invaluable aid to mental development that too comes from the careful answering of questions.

"This is a big secret, in a very few words. Put the suggestion into practice, and increase the happiness of your children.

"And, incidentally, you yourself will also be a big gainer. For, in the delightful interchange of the mind's coinage, the more you spend, the more you will have left."

Mr. Macfadden always answers every question any one of his children puts to him. Even if the matter is far beyond the young mind of the inquirer, the father searches his own intellect for terms simple enough for the child to under-

stand. In other words the man bends from the height of science to the A-B-C's of the subject at hand and gives of the best he has. This manner of tutoring will give a child a large amount of knowledge before he is ten years old.

The children's governess is made to understand that one of Mr. Macfadden's wishes is that his children should be taught where they could find material needed on the moment. A large and splendid vocabulary can be built up by the constant study of an up-to-date dictionary. Also it is valuable to a growing mind to have recourse to an encyclopedia. For example, not so long ago, the question came up for the day as to how the United States carried on its mail service so smoothly. The simple question could only be answered by intensive reading. So they went to the encyclopedia and there found how the present mail service was begun, how it developed and how it is now carried on.

The Macfadden children have a "Book of Knowledge," and use it continually in their studies.

One idea of the father is that if a thing is worth learning, it is worth learning well. Constant drilling is given until the child has his material pat, and there is no danger of his ever forgetting it.

The daily papers are never denied the children and after the postman has left an armful of newspapers, you will find the children scattered here and there reading, what is going

on in the world. This interest in current topics is quite outside their school studies. In fact the parents of these children encourage them to read the papers.

But you may say:

"My child is busy with his studies; he has not time for the news of the world."

Ah, yes, but that is just exactly the fault Mr. Macfadden finds with the present plan of education. A well-written newspaper is a source of education for anyone. The foreigner who enters a strange land would soon become familiar with the language if he read constantly the best newspapers he could buy.

Why should not the same plan apply to a child? Surely he enters a "strange land" when he is born into the world! And he should understand and realize what is happening, where and why. Current events are a topic of Mr. Macfadden's table talk, chiefly so that his children may have intelligent views on the world's affairs. His children read even his own Graphic, which has been so abused and condemned by hosts of "outraged citizens"; (but Bernarr Macfadden would not feel natural, or would probably think what he was doing was radically wrong, if a large percent of the world did not combat him in the executing of his purposes!) Here is an editorial printed in the *New York Evening Graphic* in its own defense, which is an A-1 explanation of his aims for the newspapers:

HOW HIS THEORIES ARE PRACTICED AT HOME

"Those Terrible Tabloids"

March 10, 1927

Some of the editors of our regular size newspapers and a few other people in New York seem to think that the citizens of this great city are made up mostly of boobs.

Some editors class the average mind as being equal to that of a 12-year old boy. And in this instance it seems to me the age limit ought to be considerably younger.

You hear these so-called leaders of public opinion talk about the tabloid newspaper with a view to creating an impression that a newspaper in tabloid form should be condemned on account of its size. They want you to believe that a tabloid newspaper is necessarily evil—that it is evil because it is a tabloid.

That is the exact thought they try to place in the minds of our citizens.

Now, I believe that even a 12-year old boy, or a 10-year old boy, has a reasoning capacity of sufficient caliber to know that the size of a newspaper has nothing whatever to do with its character. It is an insult to his intelligence to try to make him believe otherwise.

And whether a newspaper is tabloid or otherwise makes absolutely no difference as far as the quality of its contents is concerned. A newspaper is good, bad or indifferent in accordance with the character of its contents; and whether

it is a five-column paper or an eight-column has nothing whatever to do with it.

Nevertheless, the editors of some of our large size newspapers have been "screaming" for some time about the "terrible tabloids."

One school principal has been quoted as having remarked that you should wash your hands after you read a tabloid newspaper.

I am quite sure the pupils to whom he was speaking must have realized the absurdity of such a statement.

The *Graphic* neither condemns nor commends tabloid newspapers.

Every newspaper, regardless of its size, must stand or fall upon its own record. It is what it is, and whether it is tabloid or big size makes absolutely no difference.

Furthermore, the *Graphic* is ready and willing to stand on its past achievements.

Testimonials to the tune of tens of thousands have come to us commending in the highest possible terms the character of this newspaper. Some go so far as to say we have saved their lives. One man said we sent him home to his family after he had been away for fifteen years or more.

I could go on and quote instances like this sufficient to fill pages.

But the readers of this publication know its value. They look upon it as an invaluable friend.

It is a service newspaper.

Self-help is the keynote back of all our efforts.

We try to tell the truth on every occasion.

And those who criticize and condemn us do not read the *Graphic*. They know nothing about it. In many instances they judge it from a single picture, with rank prejudice as a background.

But whatever your view of this newspaper may be, do not be fooled by those who talk of the "terrible tabloids." They are addressing and trying to influence an ignorant rabble—so they think.

But it is our opinion that they are not fooling anybody who has a mind above the moron class.

Mr. Macfadden says the crime of the average person of wealth is to educate his young son or young daughter superabundantly, and then expect him to get a living by the smatterings of knowledge he has obtained from books.

And this is not only a mistake made by the rich. Ambitious parents in moderate circumstances, who had not advantages when they themselves were young, insist upon a college education for their offspring. Long years of toil not only keeps their own noses to the grindstone until life becomes a burden, but their sons and daughters are

apt either to be poor scholars or to step into a profession or art already overcrowded. In such cases it takes years to make enough to be able to set up a home of their own.

Then, too, their health is quite likely to be undermined by too close attention to books. Most young people are loving and conscientious. They have to endure not only the long years of abnormal study which is menacing their health, but also the worry over the home folks for the sacrifices made in their behalf, for in too many cases a college education costs altogether too much.

Now, if in place of this perfectly useless and long since dead "knowledge," the youth had been taught a trade before he began his long study of cultural subjects, then he would not be compelled to turn helplessly to an unsympathetic world for a livelihood in exchange for which he has nothing to give.

"You can't sell something you don't possess," states Mr. Macfadden. "A young person without a definite and prescribed preparation is not capable of holding down the ordinary job. It makes no difference whether he can quote Cæsar's Gallic wars in Latin by rote or sing in the Greek all the songs of beauty and art. Who wants such stuff in this day and age?"

On this subject Mr. Macfadden waxed warm. He said it was a sin and a shame for a youth to spend his first twenty years, perhaps more, in the most frightful mental

Helen Macfadden—as she appeared in her successful Paramount production.

Constance Talmadge looks over the Macfadden movie magazine with Mr. Macfadden's two oldest daughters. The Macfadden girls all take a vital interest in their father's work.

drudgery, then give him a roll of parchment, tied up with a blue ribbon, and send him forth wholly unprepared for life. It is ten to one that he doesn't know how perfectly valueless that roll of parchment is, nor how little use the business man has for it, in most cases.

The poor, overworked, college boy with a hodge-podge of subjects half-forgotten in his mind, starts out to conquer every obstacle in his path. At that starting point he has no fear. He has been used to compliments from home and teachers. He has been encouraged to keep on when his own uninstructed good sense told him he ought to be out making his own way. Loving hands have held him up. Sacrifices to the last inch have been made by everyone in the family so that he may obtain that precious diploma. Food has been prepared for him; he has had a good bed to sleep in, and all the clothes he needs to wear. Now, on the threshold of life, he is contemplating storming the citadel with his talents of which he considers he has many. But he has little of value to offer the world which never willingly gives something for nothing.

By the way, Mr. Macfadden agrees that if a young person has in mind a certain profession, then it is right and proper for him to study to that end.

"It makes no difference what my financial condition is," Mr. Macfadden vows earnestly, "each of my children must learn a trade or take up some profession. After he is com-

petent to get his own living, then I'll help him in any other line he may choose. Of course, I am speaking of my girls too."

Perhaps the following editorials reprinted from the *New York Evening Graphic,* can show more keenly Mr. Macfadden's opinion of educative methods and the substantiation of his claims:

Education An Intellectual Canning Factory
May 18, 1927

The war on our present methods of miseducating grows with the passing of each day.

Every one who has studied the problem agrees that the methods now in vogue are wrong.

Modern "education" is often worse than a failure.

It does not turn out thinkers. It does not produce men and women who drag the world along behind them.

Every child is run through the same mold.

The mind of a Shakespeare and the mind of a moron are run through the same process.

Both are expected to learn the same things, do the same things, think the same thoughts and arrive at the same goal.

Much that is instilled into the school child is trivial, unimportant and often untrue.

There is too much of rote, formula, memorizing, and not enough constructive and creative thinking.

Indeed, the very elements upon which creative work is grounded are often lacking.

Then, too, the school is so often divorced from life.

Education begins at birth—it ends at death.

The school is a passing incident.

The discipline of the school frequently subdues and destroys the adventurous, pioneering spirit that dares to do new things or that does old things in a new and better way.

We are cursed with too much of the discipline of authority and not enough of freedom.

"Education" is a process of coercion and cramming.

"Education" too often neglects the body.

It usually exalts the mind and makes an unintelligent attempt to cultivate this.

But it blunders seriously when it ignores the body.

Mind and body hold certain normal and inseparable relations to each other.

When the normal balance and coördination between these are broken they both suffer.

God is not mocked. His order and law cannot be lightly cast aside. We must always reap what we sow.

What God has joined together no schooling process can put asunder without doing violence to the disunited parts.

Strong minds require vital, vigorous bodies to nourish and sustain them.

Straight thinking requires steady nerves, rich pure blood and a well-nourished brain.

Body culture is the basis of mental culture.

God or nature has seen to this—man cannot alter this arrangement.

College Education Criticized

June 28, 1927

Two hundred and fifty delegates to the Illinois State Academy of Science recently met in Joliet, Ill.

Among other things they discussed present day college education and college graduates.

They seem to have been of the opinion that college graduates are not educated.

They agree with Edison, who was booted and kicked all over the campus a few years ago for saying college men are not dependable.

President Mark E. Penney of Milliken University declared:—

"The average college student of today is not the equal of the one of forty years ago."

This is probably true with regard to the average.

Forty years ago comparatively few people went to college, and these were usually students of exceptional ability.

Most colleges of today are so large they are mere machines.

The student is merely one among hundreds.

The system of training is that of mass training.

A truly great teacher may belong to the head of a department in a college.

But the larger the college grows the less attention can be given to the students and the more he is forced to divide his work among subordinates.

Prof. Penney declares that the students are getting "tidbits of information rather than a complete educational picture.

"There is too much specialization. They are not learning the relation of one subject to another."

R. A. Kent, dean of the Northwestern University, defended the students.

He stated that he did not believe there is any "scientific basis for the statement that students now are inferior to their predecessors."

"But," he said, "I believe it is true there is too much specialization."

Both agree in placing the blame on the educational system.

The present system of grinding out college grist does not permit the student to acquire an education.

One might say the student is sprayed with knowledge from all sides, some of which soaks in, the rest of which runs off.

CHATS WITH THE MACFADDEN FAMILY

Finishing Is More Important Than Commencing

June 25, 1927

Commencement days of school and college are now a matter of memory to hundreds of thousands of young people who participated a week or two ago.

For years these youngsters have been gaining "education."

That is, they have been subjected to the influence of certain people whose object has been to cram them full of information.

Now they are out in the world with the rest of the crowd. And it will be found within a few years that many of the men and women rated as most brilliant in school have been far out-distanced by those of less splashy attainments.

A boy who ten or fifteen years ago won the highest commendation of professors for his ability to absorb mathematical formulae is now a bookkeeper at a very small salary.

Much information given to students in school and college is worse than worthless.

Pupils whose talents lie in totally different directions are compelled to study subjects for which they have no aptitude, and in which they have no interest.

Trying to cram differential calculus, spherical trigo-

nometry and similar matters into the minds of youngsters who want to be musicians results in ruining many fine artists.

Education in Greek, Latin and rhetoric is of small advantage to a man with an irrepressible desire to become an explorer.

Charles A. Lindbergh was in the midst of a college course when he realized the futility of the sort of education he was getting.

He left without more than a passing regret and proceeded to find out about airplanes, the absorbing interest of his young life.

His real education did not begin until he left educational institutions behind and started to find out the things he wanted to know.

Ambitious youths should pattern their lives after Lindbergh's if they wish to be equally successful.

The first step is to realize that education is not learning by rote a lot of things that other people had thought. It is a process of making one's own mind work.

The person who is truly educated knows how to adapt his life to that of the world.

It is necessary for the graduates of 1927 to realize that they will find themselves far outdistanced by those whose education has been gained in the only real university of higher education; that is, life itself.

As a matter of important moment here, Bernarr Macfadden purchased last year a boys' Military Academy, The Castle Heights School, which he decided to run strictly according to his physical culture ideas, to prove the efficacy in what he has so tirelessly preached. The school has been running under his supervision since September 1928. It will be a tribute to his creeds many years from now, in the healthy and useful citizens it will produce. From the start, however, it has shown astounding results. For example, note the following editorial from the *New York Evening Graphic,* November 8, 1928.

What Physical Culture Does for a Football Team

The time will come when physical culture methods will be a necessary part in the life of every individual who seeks the great prizes of life.

During the early part of this year, I purchased the Castle Heights Military School, located in Lebanon, Tenn. No change was made in the school curriculum, which has the record of being one of the highest in the South, but a very definite change was made in the athletics and general health building department of the school.

Truly amazing results have been wrought through recognizing the outstanding importance of buoyant, vital health.

This change was demonstrated most thoroughly in the work of the football team.

In the first game this season they played a school team that they had managed to beat the previous year, 6 to 0. This year, after imbibing for a short period only the general principles of physical culture, with the enthusiasm and the all-around dynamic energy that comes with it, they were able to beat this same team 70 to 0.

The comparison of the work of the Castle Heights team this year with that of last year demonstrates in a remarkably striking manner the outstanding value of physical culture life in the development of athletes.

Any game that requires endurance, stamina and grit develops courage, determination and builds character.

Live according to the tenets of physical culture if you want to get the best there is in life.

Here is just another example of the "hobbies" which delight Bernarr Macfadden's soul. His history is a recital of one stupendous hobby after another—all constructive, and almost all what another man would consider hard work! Yet, as busy and hard-worked as this world-famed publisher-editor-writer-teacher is, he has always time for a new "exciting"—thrilling hobby. They range through the fields of sanitariums; wrestling; holding national contests; lecture tours; restaurants; designing and taking patents on

double-decker subways; air-washing machines; buying and running a school (and he swears that next year he will own a girls' school too!); a patent on a railroad system that takes one around department stores on one track and simplifies shopping; a patent on an airplane safety landing device, national highroad problems; real estate to a surprising degree, and last, but not least, owning and enjoying an airplane at the age of 60! This last hobby will be treated in detail later.

This strange capacity of Bernarr Macfadden's for untiring interest and enthusiasm is the keynote of both his character and his success. He works while he plays, and plays while he works—because life is so all-fired interesting to him—people, places and things, and most particularly ideas—are all so absorbing that he never knows the awful wearing strain of "being bored"—everything in life has a big "kick" for him—he doesn't know what boredom means. He is never at a loss for something to do "to kill time," nor does he ever have to search for something to amuse him. Perhaps it is because he gives so much to life, that life has given such enviable success to him! No effort is too great—no trace of self-pity or "saving himself"—he is head and feet foremost into everything—mind, body and spirit open and eager for every experience life can hold!

The choosing of nurses and governesses is always left entirely to Mrs. Macfadden. It is her belief that any woman

doing outside work should have a nurse for her first child, but *every* mother merits a nurse for her second baby, so that she may have some diversion to keep herself fresh for the job of being wife and mother. In the choosing of a nurse, Mrs. Macfadden feels that age makes no real difference, for frequently a middle-aged woman makes a better guide than a very young girl, but there is one point on which Mrs. Macfadden is adamant; the nurse must have a warm motherly instinct and a loving tender nature. She would run a mile from a cold-blooded nurse. As in the case of all her servants, Mrs. Macfadden permits nobody to take sole responsibility, and never gives anyone entire charge.

Mrs. Macfadden goes through the linen closet with each one, and each renders her a full report every week of what has been used. Mrs. Macfadden knows where everything is, and while everybody is permitted to have all they want as often as they want, and the best of it, she keeps absolute account of each and every item. When it's a matter of managing numerous servants, a certain system is absolutely necessary. Each knows his particular duties and no one servant has control over another.

The matter of the cook is the only point where Mr. Macfadden assumes authority, as will be explained later on in this history. Of course, in the case of nurse and governess, it is a requirement that they are efficient in the matter of

sports and outdoor recreation, as they are in languages and science. Frequently the children have been taught new sports by their governesses—one taught them how to ski, another taught them archery. Governesses are more apt to be invaluable when they are young, for as the children grow older, age does make a difference. They like a young, girlish governess, who really plays with them, as well as teaches them.

Perhaps one of the most charming memories in the lives of these little girls will be the romantic and thrilling time they had when they all attended the wedding of their favorite and most beloved governess—who by the way has been a real friend to the girls even years after she has left, taking trips with them frequently and visiting them often.

Aside from their studies, from their dancing, in which they have been trained almost from the cradle, from their swimming and tennis, the Macfadden girls have received very rounded instruction in all and any matters that might help to make for more charming and accomplished companions, and more gracious and efficient homeworkers. They have studied piano and voice for several years and are still continuing to do so. They are taught the rudiments of cooking and are given a fair knowledge of sewing. The girls are required to take complete care of their own room, except for the days that the servants clean them from top to bottom. Each has her private desk, her treasure box,

her own bookcase, her own closet and bureau, and they vie with each other to keep them in condition. But no child is allowed to go to a drawer or desk of another's without asking permission. Further, they have been required, since a very early age, to mend their own broken toys and to take care of their own clothes as far as possible. Even when they mended a torn dress or stocking badly, they mended it, and a seamstress took care of it later.

Byrnece and Beulah share a large room. Beverly and Braunda share another, and the two boys are likewise together in their room; but generally winter or summer all the children sleep outdoors on the big open porch built for that purpose.

Mr. Macfadden personally feels that a hard bed is of greater benefit to the human body. As a matter of fact, he prefers to sleep on the floor. He has been known to take the covers off the bed in the best hotels in this country when he travels, arrange them on the floor and sleep placidly. But he does not force this practice on his family —indeed, Mr. Macfadden never forces any of his ideas or beliefs on anyone. This is one of his main attributes. So far Beulah has followed in his footsteps, preferring a canvas cot on the porch to her downy bed in her room, and frequently sleeps on the floor in a sleeping bag. In the morning they take a cold shower, but their system is such that any shock or distastefulness in the procedure is

changed to one of complete glow and well-being; for before the bath they rub themselves vigorously with dry friction gloves, and after the shower they use a special coarse towel for back friction.

The girls are given every chance to express their own individuality in the decoration of their rooms. They go with their mother to choose their colors and appointments, and help to arrange their rooms themselves.

"Why so many B's tacked to the Macfadden kiddies?" someone asked Mrs. Macfadden once. "Down the scale of years they go in this order: Byrnece, Beulah, Braunda, Beverly, Berwyn, Brewster. Six young 'B's,' but why?"

"Well, it's this way, you see," she explained. "Naturally I wanted one of my children named after his father. I believe it's the ambition of every young mother to name a child for her husband. Of course we couldn't call a girl Bernarr, but I went as far as I dared and chose each name with the first letter B. Then when our boys came, I was astounded to hear that Mr. Macfadden refused to have a son named after him."

"And his reason?"

"Oh, he said he didn't want a child handicapped by being Bernarr Macfadden, the second," she replied. "He feels all our children must make their own way in life, and he is positive that each one will have a better chance if he isn't compelled to live up to his father's reputation.

But you see," and she laughed merrily, "I've had my own way after all. Everyone of them can be 'B. Macfadden,' girls and all."

On the much tabooed and discussed subject of the kind of toys and reading that small children should be permitted, Mr. Macfadden is apt to be amused and lenient. He is essentially a large-minded man and can hardly take seriously the idea that the old-fashioned giant killer, and blood-and-thunder fairy stories are very harmful to children, except perhaps in the case of an extremely sensitive or over-imaginative child. Children are little sadists and it is well to let them get this out of their system, vicariously perhaps. Remember, one has to teach a child to be kind to animals. Almost every child will tease a cat and pull its tail until it is taught otherwise. If their childhood is kept too placid, too beautiful, and too spiritual for children, they certainly will be in no condition to face life in later years. As for the forbidden war toys for little boys these days (guns and soldiers and cannon and pistols), Mr. Macfadden feels it is just as wrong to keep a child in ignorance of these things as it is to encourage them. There is such a thing as war, and some day his children may have to face it; but in playing with war toys, the matter of *defense* should be stressed. Mr. Macfadden's opinion can be summed up in one sentence. It is not what the child plays with, but how it is taught to play with it and what attitude is put in his

mind. It is his firm belief that a child should not be kept in ignorance of anything.

It is a great tribute to Mr. Macfadden that each of his children desires his presence enough to have him enter into their sports. He is an unusual father, for he certainly seems to enjoy playing games with his children at home more than any other possible activity. His greatest happiness is his days, and half days, and the stolen hours, of getting home earlier for a game of tennis with his family. To him, trips are a mere straining after enjoyment—for what greater enjoyment could there be than the privilege and happiness of merely being at home? It is his religion to be a pal to his children instead of a taskmaster, and he believes a child has his rights as well as his parents. Each human being has his own instincts, his prides, and wants to spread his wings of thoughts and act accordingly. Nothing is so bad for the growing child as to force bans upon his every desire and break his youthful spirit. Of these outrageous methods, Mr. Macfadden disapproves heartily.

"My children are entities by themselves," he has said with that grave and loving tone with which he always speaks of his little ones. "To me has been given the joy of fathering them, of filling their minds with good thoughts and fine purposes, of making their bodies well and strong and vigorous. It is a career in itself, and above everything else, that is my ambition. I love them all dearly, and they know it,

but they have not been spoiled. I refrain from giving orders, but when I give them I will enforce them, and my children know that. Their mother and I make a point of being absolutely truthful whenever we speak to them. We never ask the impossible and we try to understand their various tastes. I have five girls and two boys, and all of them are of different temperaments and desires. It is impossible to treat any two children alike, and this has been a source of intense interest to me, to watch and develop and train each individual child."

Chapter IX

The Physical Side of a Child's Education—Fear!

The matter of fear, which is the problem of so many parents, is an almost unknown quantity with the Macfadden children. To begin with, as infants their training starts; no light is left on while they sleep. They sleep alone and learn not to expect someone by their bedside, and the whole household is not hushed for fear of waking the baby. If the baby wakes, it is made comfortable and goes to sleep again. The children are not afraid of the dark, and are absolutely fearless *physically;* for, from the age of eighteen months, they are introduced as a matter of course into the world of physical activities. Mr. Macfadden has been able to lift his tiny tots at this age by the head, and they developed strength enough to hold on to his hand and be lifted from the floor. They are brought to the water to dabble and play and learn to swim as early as possible.

Mrs. Macfadden says that when Byrnece, her eldest daughter, was an infant, she had stood by with her heart in her mouth, watching in nervous excitement while her husband put the tot through what she appreciates now were very gentle exercises. Mr. Macfadden believes in taking a baby at birth and tenderly moving its arms, its legs and its head,

Bernarr Macfadden and his little son Berwyn.

Little Beverly is a born dancer. She outdoes her older sisters in spectacular feats. One of the family jokes is that Beverly can stand on her head so long that her mother pleads with her to stop!

each month making the exercise a little more strenuous.

"Why, he used to pick Byrnece up by the head!" Mrs. Macfadden laughs, and then goes on to say that she soon saw her baby was growing strong and beautiful under her father's care; and as baby followed baby, she lost her fear, and was completely satisfied with any and all of Mr. Macfadden's ideas as to bringing up the family.

"A new-born babe is a tender, delicate morsel," Mr. Macfadden says, "and I don't counsel too early handling at all. Yet I know that the average baby isn't quite so frail as its parents think it is. If it were, it wouldn't live to walkable age, to say nothing of manhood. But the child wouldn't be killed through physical culture, but through the ignorance of those taking care of it. Bad food, bad air are the menaces to our infant race. Of course the baby itself must be studied carefully. Some children can do more than others. My babies were born strong and well for which we're very thankful."

Mr. Macfadden says that one cannot begin too early to lay the foundations of strength and pure living in the human body. Never does it leave his mind that the boy is father of the man. There are three important factors for the new-born infant; pure food and plenty of fresh air are two of them. Then every part of the little body must be given as much attention as far as cleanliness is concerned, as the child's face and hands. This is extremely important.

Mr. Macfadden insists that barring serious accident, the mortality of babies ought to be practically nothing, that is, if the little one comes into the world with a healthy body, as the majority of babies do.

Mr. Macfadden says that while he does not countenance a speck of dirt, the usual warm bath every day is too enervating, and undermines the constitution. After the baby is two years old, a bath every other day or twice a week is plenty, that is for the whole body. Air baths, and especially sunbaths, where as much of the child's body as possible can be exposed, with the exception of his face, are most advantageous. The sun should never shine full into a child's eyes, but there is a power in the sun which strengthens the baby bones and prevents bowed legs. But in warm weather when the sun is high in the heavens, the child should be stripped and placed out of doors.

Bernarr Macfadden in speaking of the first food a baby is to take, says:

"I would that every young mother would consent to give her baby a good start in life by nursing it. It's the way nature intends she should. And I find the physicians are only too glad to accommodate their patients by stating that the mother is not strong enough to nurse her baby, or that the milk is not of sufficient quality for the child's good. I'm not pig-headed about this. Naturally, I know many a mother can't nurse her child—in truth, they

shouldn't be mothers at all. But ninety-nine out of a hundred women would nurse their infants if they would only forget their own selves for the time being."

It seems quite worth while to add here one thought which might do some good to the mother uncertain as to her wish in respect to her coming baby's food.

Mr. Macfadden is of the opinion that if every baby were nursed by its mother for the first few months of its life, there would be far less mortality among the very young. A child has the right to the nutriment nature has provided for him. Never should he be deprived of a good start in life. Blessings on the mother, both for herself and her child, if she sacrifices a little of her own comfort for her child's good!

One of the best lessons for a child to learn in its early training is to sleep alone and upon a hard mattress. It is the beginning of its physical exercises which we are now going to discuss.

Physical exercises for baby are one of the most important features in his development. They not only improve his muscular strength, but his brain cells will grow in proportion. First of all, as a forerunner of physical movements, rub the little body after each bath, especially the back. Before he is many weeks old, and after a series of sun baths, if it is summer; (if winter, air baths in a warm room) he may be pulled to a sitting position by his arms.

Then let him down easily. This may be repeated several times. Then the little legs must be given their share of the work that precedes walking. One game will please the youngster immensely. Work his legs as though he were on a bicycle for a few minutes at a time. Exercise for the back, the head, and in fact for every part of the child should be practiced every day.

Now think a little of this, young and timid mother, and do it. Lift your baby up by the right arm and left leg, and then the other way around. Play roly-poly with him on the bed, on the floor, too. After a while he will expect it and enjoy it with squeals and shrieks. Do not pin down his legs. One of Mr. Macfadden's contentions is: left to itself, untrammeled by clothes, a child would grow up strong and well. But there are so many tails to the kite of the young mother. She is proud of her baby's clothes, loves pinning blankets and lace-trimmed skirts which, Mr. Macfadden says, are the abomination of babyhood.

"Thank heaven the long, tucked dresses and skirts are gone out of fashion," sighs Mr. Macfadden. "A few years back there was material enough in one baby's wardrobe to make three. Bowed, thin legs are apt to follow when the child is too heavily weighted down with clothing."

At the age of two years, you have a child who can understand your words to him, and he is now ready to begin more strenuous work. He has himself, with your connivance

by giving him freedom and action of body, developed his muscles into a sturdy, healthy frame. Most of the exercises may be used as play. Picture to yourself playing tag with your shouting youngsters, or any one of the dozen games in which he can use his legs and you yours.

A delightful walk along a leafy road sentineled with overhanging trees if you are in the country; and if you are in the city, then a race around the block, if you are living too far away from a park. Should you be near enough to a park, then by all means take advantage of it. But remember this; a walk of any kind is better than none at all. In the winter, dressed in warm but not heavy clothes, take your child into the open and keep him there all the time you can.

No one will deny that the spring and summer and fall are better seasons for exercising than the bitter weather of winter. But even when the weather is inclement, the baby should still have a chance to carry on his joyous games.

"The baby," Mr. Macfadden said, "will hold his body straight and rigid while his father, one hand grasping the ankles and the other hand placed back of the neck, holds him high overhead. He will stand rigid while balanced on his father's hands. Locking his legs around his father's waist while held in the latter's arms and facing him, he will learn to lower his upper body backward and then rise to the erect position after the manner of the 'strongman' feat

known as the Roman Column. It is an ideal exercise for the muscles of the abdomen. The child at this age will hold to a stick while the parent pushes it high overhead. He will learn to jump from five or six steps down a stairway into his father's arms and to turn rolling somersaults on the ground. These and similar exercises are excellent at this period."

But, throwing a child up and catching him is not only dangerous but not good for the baby. His warning is against anything that is palpably risky. He is specific that a child's activity begins to have, if that is possible, even more important bearing upon his future health at the age of six.

The one great rule on the point of fear is never to let a child see that *you* are *afraid*. Mrs. Macfadden relates one experience in this regard which is an uncomfortable memory to her. She was all alone with the four children one time, when a terrific electric storm broke that lasted for hours. Now Mrs. Macfadden is terrified of thunder and lightning, but to her amazement the children loved it, gleefully hailing each roar of thunder and each piercing shaft of lightning with shrieks of delight, and for two hours Mrs. Macfadden played games with them during the storm.

It developed later that the two boys were as afraid of thunder as their mother. The family proceeded to make

fun of the storms (but not of their fear) and to hail a thunder storm as a call to special games, and this overcame the fear of the boys in a short while.

Sometimes fear is a good and valuable agent as a protection; indeed, it has often been a source of sheer inspiration; a spur to renewed energy. So fear should not always be discouraged. Mr. Macfadden puts forth this point in an editorial from the *New York Evening Graphic,* July 19, 1928.

The Advantages of Fear

Fear is supposed to be a grave handicap. Many writers have described its disadvantages.

It is said to be in your way wherever you go and whatever you do.

"Don't be afraid" is the slogan.

And to a certain extent their advice is worth while. If you take a job you should not be afraid of your ability to fill it. If you attempt a journey you should not fear the dangers that might be associated with it provided they are imaginary. If they are real dangers you should fear them and you should protect yourself from them to the last degree.

And this same application refers to fear in all its various phases. Imaginary and unjustifiable fears are a grave menace to one's future. You cannot get anywhere in life

when you set up imaginary obstacles, if you make mountains out of mole hills.

But fear has its advantages provided knowledge is associated with it.

A child burns his fingers. This information makes him afraid of the fire. He keeps away from the fire.

A boy cuts his finger with a knife. Thereafter he is afraid of again cutting his finger. It stands out as a warning.

We come in contact with a certain experience from which we suffer very severely. We are afraid for additional similar experiences. And the record of this fear remains with us all through life. It protects us to an incalculable extent.

We should all be afraid of the law. We should be afraid of coming in contact with any unnecessary experiences that are doubtful or dangerous.

Some people are supplied with an adventurous spirit. They like to try new things. They have the courage of the explorer.

But they frequently have to pay heavy penalties for this characteristic.

Though we may candidly admit that at times the rewards are so great that they consider the risk is worth while.

Lindbergh when he started for Paris on the first occasion must have realized the danger that he was facing, and when we say that he had no fear of the outcome we are doubtless

An interesting occasion when his daughters visited Bernarr Macfadden in his office. Here they met Harold Lloyd.

Another occasion when Mr. Macfadden's daughters visited him in his office (always a special treat for the girls). This time they met one of their heroes, Rudolph Valentino.

Mrs. Macfadden takes the girls to their father's office only occasionally—to learn how the business is conducted, and what this world of work really means. This time they met Bebe Daniels.

Here is shown another visit of the Macfadden children to their father's office. It was an exciting day for them for there they met Jackie Coogan.

exaggerating. It was his fear of possible disaster that undoubtedly caused him to prepare his ship and himself to the very last degree. And it was fear on this occasion that undoubtedly brought his success and fame that have glorified this great adventure.

Don't minimize the importance of fear. Don't try to strike it out of your life, as many of the advisers of this subject may suggest.

You should be afraid of everything that is liable to harm you.

You should go far enough to be afraid of indulging in pleasure or dissipation that may bring unpleasant and costly penalties.

I remember on one occasion riding in an automobile when a large, beautiful dog came out from a farm house. He came after us as though he would chew us up in a mouthful. He wasn't afraid of automobiles. He had not learned that lesson and his bravery cost him his life.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Therefore, do not be foolishly brave. Be afraid when wisdom dictates its desirability. It may help you to avoid serious penalties.

At Nyack another important point of fear came up, for the place seemed to have several families of snakes that

would come down from the mountain whenever a dry spell came, in order to get themselves a drink at the swimming pool. Most of these were harmless, though several copperheads were killed on the place. Of course, the parents could never show any fear of the snakes, but at the same time they never forced the child. To their chagrin it appears that little Beverly had a passion for bugs and toads and frogs, and it was their constant horror that she would one day tote a snake into the house.

When the children are nine years old they graduate to the dignity of having an allowance. Mrs. Macfadden gives them a dollar a week, and they are supposed to save at least ten cents a week out of this amount. Regularly, on New Year's day, they bring their account to their father and he doubles whatever they saved.

Holidays in the Macfadden family are frequent, and are always ceremoniously celebrated. Christmas, of course, is their big time. The children believe in Santa Claus up to the age of five or six. The older children plan and work for months to make their presents—and of course the older ones are allowed the supreme joy of trimming the tree before Christmas. Not only are their own birthdays joyous occasions, but the birthdays of their father and mother are just as importantly observed. As a rule the children prepare weeks in advance a show for their father or mother's

birthday; songs and dances and playing the piano, reading a composition that they have written, and very frequently they write a play and act it out with special costumes for the occasion.

Chapter X

Children's Diseases—and How the Macfadden Children Are Treated

Speaking of disease is never pleasant, and it is quite a thing apart in the Macfadden home. You hear very little of it. How could it well be otherwise where ailments are scarce and where reigns such exuberant health? It takes experience to rouse interest in any subject, and pain is so foreign in that Nyack household!

The little Macfaddens are not confined within the precincts of their own domain to keep them from possible infection and contagion. Wherever it is necessary or convenient for them they go—on trains, buses, street cars, ferry-boats and taxis—the same as other boys and girls. Yet, how much better equipped is a Macfadden child to meet and cope with the ordinary contagions than the little ones who have not lived so obediently to the laws of health! Everyone of the Macfadden children has a body which can withstand and throw off germs.

Then another and important consideration is: no fear of disease is sent out with him when he starts from home. The possibility of disaster is not an ever present thought in the minds of either parents or children. They have the

courage and calmness that goes with the consciousness of health and well-being. They do not believe there is some mysterious monster, called disease, that may waylay and attack them. You never hear such an expression as this from the Macfaddens:

"Don't sit there please, your'e in a draft."

God's pure, sweet air never once harmed one of His children. The very thought itself is the agent which brings on the shivers, and sends one to bed with hot water bottles and flannels. It never enters the minds of the Macfadden parents that their children can take cold.

In the season when most people are bundled up and hidden in the circles of steam heat with windows and doors closed, these splendid Macfaddens are as much in comfort out-of-doors as they are in the middle of June.

The treatment of the various illnesses that have come to the family is a very important matter, and in one instance at least was as shockingly radical as it was successful.

Once when returning from a trip after a week's absence, Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden found one of the girls, Beulah, down with scarlet fever, and two others, Byrnece and Braunda were in a nearby bed ordered there by the doctor with the idea that having come in contact with the scarlet fever contagion they would necessarily have to have it.

Now Mr. Macfadden has very definite ideas on the treatment of children's diseases. He believes that the high

mortality records for these diseases are needless. He furthermore believes that the after results that often leave children crippled, with defective hearing, and so forth, also represent a waste of human life. Nearly all children's diseases originated in the alimentary canal. He maintains that they are due to foreign elements that accumulate in the tissues, and in practically every instance by cleansing the stomach and alimentary canal and allowing the children to a large extent to follow their instincts in eating, at the same time encouraging them to drink water, and furnishing an unlimited quantity of fresh air and sunlight, recovery with little or no after results is certain in each case.

Mr. Macfadden was very much perturbed when he saw these three little ones apparently in the grasp of that dreaded disease Scarlet Fever. He first spoke to Byrnece and Braunda who were lying and tossing in the bed, and who had not yet contracted the ailment.

"Do you feel sick?" he asked of Byrnece.

"No," she replied.

"Do you want to lie in bed?"

"No."

"Well, get up and go out and play in the sun."

She scrambled out of bed quickly and was soon enjoying herself in the fresh air and summer sunshine.

The same questions were asked of Braunda with similar replies, and she was soon playing in the sunlight.

Upon asking Beulah she said she felt sick and was asked if she wanted to stay in bed. Her reply was "Yes."

"Well," said Mr. Macfadden, "You just stay in bed as long as you care to, but as soon as you feel you would like to play with the other children, you can go out with them."

That afternoon Mr. Macfadden saw Beulah, the scarlet fever patient, playing with the other children out of doors.

Byrnece and Braunda had no sign whatever of scarlet fever, although they were carefully dieted for a while.

Beulah drank quantities of water, some of it flavored with grape juice and other fruit juices, ate lemons and oranges when she desired them, but had no food for ten days. At this time the disease expended itself apparently and she recovered without the slightest sign of any after effects. Methods of this sort, Mr. Macfadden maintains, would practically eliminate the mortality record of this dreaded disease.

It is admirable that Mr. Macfadden, with his up-to-date ideas about children being but little men and women with enough natural sense to make some decisions for themselves, whether well or ill, deemed it advisable to interview each of his children so as to be able to know just the treatment to accord. That is necessary so that no arbitrary laws be laid down upon the child, such as staying in bed when he wants to get up.

Now, Mr. Macfadden contends that going to bed when

it is most pleasant to stay out of it, is the worst possible thing that can happen. Even a child, if he is old enough to talk, can express his wish whether he feels like lying down or sitting up. Further he believes that even should one be quite ill, he is better up and about, than spending the twenty-four hours of the day upon his couch, if he doesn't feel like it.

Mr. Macfadden says that scarlet fever, unlike many of the children's diseases, is primarily due to blood pollution which usually interferes with the function of the excretory organs. So, of course, the bowels must be kept open. At the very first sign of this disease, give your little one an enema, and a frequent glass of hot water. One glass with a half teaspoonful of salt in it, when just beginning the treatment is a good remedy to help flush out the bowels. All food should be kept from the patient, and the enema given daily, if needed, until the fever subsides. Orange juice is allowed as desired, but lemon juice and water is often preferable. Grape juice is also most commendable. If the bowels move naturally, the enema is not needed.

You will probably say:

"But my child would starve to death, going without food for days! Certainly he would lose all his strength!"

He will do nothing of the kind. On the contrary he will recover more easily, more quickly *without food than with it.* Bernarr Macfadden says that a fast of more than two days

is not necessary unless the disease is severe, and that following his methods no drugs of any kind should be used. *This prohibition must be absolutely adhered to.*

Never force your child to eat unless he desires food, and when he is convalescing from scarlet fever, great care must be taken how much is given and its quality. Acid fruits and milk constitute the ideal diet for one convalescing from scarlet fever. Buttermilk or sour milk may be substituted for sweet milk if the child prefers and is indeed better.

Don't force your child to lie in bed. Even encourage him to get up and go out of doors, if he wishes, but don't allow any strenuous play.

It would make the foregoing more comprehensive to quote a passage from the *Encyclopedia of Physical Culture;* it is so aptly, so beautifully put:

"The time the idea of the benefits of fasting occurred to me was when, in my eager search for some nature cure of disease, I turned to the lower animals. I remember well the course of reasoning that my youthful brain followed. I said to myself, 'Here am I, struggling to attain health. I am supposed to be a creature of superior intelligence, yet my efforts seem to be in vain; while the dog and the horse, the wild animals and the wild birds, seem to be healthy and strong all the time, knowing nothing of the diseases which make my life so miserable!' Then it was that I observed that, when there was anything the matter with

them, they abstained from food, and it was this fact that led me a little later, when I was attacked with pneumonia, to have the courage to go without food.

"From that day to this I have always held that fasting was the natural cure of disease. The animals do not desire food when they are sick. Their unperverted instincts lead them to refuse it, even though it is urged upon them by the higher animal, man. Then I observed how the physician and friends of the sick person urged him to eat to keep up his strength, and I also noted how the human brain and body were drugged into acquiescence to this idea that is so distinctly contrary to the teachings of nature. The logic of the situation then became inexorable, and the whole matter resolved itself into the following simple propositions:

1. When the animals are sick, they refuse to eat food of any kind.

2. As soon as they are well, and not before, they begin to eat.

3. It is natural for man to do the same thing, but his instincts have become perverted, and his judgment distorted, so that he does not know it.

4. When a man is sick, therefore, he is persuaded that he must eat, contrary to the natural repulsion he has for food. His physician comes and drugs the warning sentinels of the body, and in this drugged condition he swallows the food which in reality adds to his disease."

"Go sparingly with the soap baths," Mr. Macfadden advises. "A bath early in the attack is all right and then one about every three days thereafter is all that is necessary. More may retard recovery." Then he adds to this a direct prohibition against putting any oil on the body at all. It clogs up the pores and prevents them from doing their share in throwing off impurities.

In a method much similar, four years ago, Mr. Macfadden carried his family through the whooping cough, completely conquering the disease that swept through the entire household.

His treatment of a high fever is valuable. He commends a neutral bath, about 98 degrees, and then directs that the sufferer remain in the bath for an hour; for the perspiration flows abundantly and relieves distress. Of course only liquids should be taken. If the fever is desperate, a cold sheet pack is often commended, giving almost immediate comfort.

The Macfadden methods of meeting that too common affliction—cold—are important, for we are all searching for ways and means to keep our health if we have it and to get it if we have it not.

Immediately the slightest symptom of a cold appears among the Macfaddens, the ugly thing (and there is nothing more unpleasant and unbeautiful than a cold in the head) is taken by the horns and rooted out.

"All colds result from one of two things," Mr. Macfadden says. "It's either over-nourishment or under-nourishment that causes them."

However, while admitting that cold may appear from under-nourishment, he insisted in plain words that by far the larger number of cases is from an over-abundance of food. Then with too little fresh air and not long enough exercise comes a dreadful cold, and you wonder why. Listen to this, mothers, fathers, you who spend your lives wearily to keep yourselves and your children in good health!

"The greatest single cause of cold, perhaps is an excess of starch and sugar.

"There is nothing worse than oatmeal or other cereal, sprinkled with sugar. Lollipops and other sweets cause an over-loading of the blood with these elements, satiety of appetite so that the child, or you yourself, will not eat sufficient amount of foods which would supply the needed minerals even if given the opportunity. It is ridiculous to think that coming in contact with fresh air will give a person a cold. Lack of it can and does. Foul air, the woolen blankets, closing of windows at night bring on sniffles, coughs and sneezes and the constant use of the handkerchief.

"Exposure to cold or draft is merely the 'flash in the pan' that sets off the dry powder already present. If one is

unused to fresh air, and the system is clogged up with foul material, then the natural result of sitting in a cool breeze will be a cold."

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Macfadden make light of the ordinary cold. Not for an hour should it go untreated, nor should be mistreated. Mr. Macfadden says in discussing the neglect or mistreatment of a cold: Either course might lead to a derangement of the organs of the body and may effect the bronchi, the lungs, the pleura and kidneys. Rarely does the disease stay where it began in the mucous membranes of the nose and throat. "The proper way of eliminating a cold is not through the drug bottle," says Mr. Macfadden in one of his books. "A child never needs and never ought to have a physic. Often I have declared that undernourishment and over-nourishment are the causes of all colds, and I have discovered that by observation and experiments."

Now Mrs. Macfadden is a mother who is not afraid of taking large doses of her own medicine or administering them to her children. But remember this: her medicine does not come from a bottle or a doctor's case. At the first sign of fever or stuffed-up nostrils, she does not run to the medicine chest, knowing, oh so well, a better way.

First see to it your child eats no sugar or starch. The second thing to do is to give the child an enema. Perhaps he has never taken one. If not, permit him to help you

prepare it, so he will see how simple it is. The thought of something so unfamiliar might be a little alarming at first. Explain to him what it will do for his poor little sore nose; and how soon, how very soon, he won't cough at all. (The enema should be repeated daily for three or four days if needed.)

If the cold is serious, then comes the sweating process which will help eliminate the poisons. The value of this sweat cannot be described in words.

The Macfadden family make very frequent use of what Mr. Macfadden calls a neutral bath. The bathtub is filled with warm water—98 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The child is then placed in this tub and allowed to remain there three quarters of an hour to an hour, and at the same time encouraged to drink quantities of plain water or water flavored with fruit juices, or, if the child is on the milk diet, he is encouraged to take a half glass or a glass of milk every ten or fifteen minutes, while in the bath. This induces profuse perspiration and is invaluable as a safe method of cleansing the poison from the body. This bath should never be used without a thermometer. If it is too hot it will accelerate the heart to such an extent that there is a chance of fainting. It should not be much more than 98 degrees Fahrenheit. It should, in fact, be about the temperature that feels comfortably warm. In some cases the temperature might be allowed to run 102 towards the

On the beach at Atlantic City (reading left to right) Bernarr Macfadden, Helen, Byrnece, Beulah, Braunda and Beverly.

The Macfadden family themselves conduct that morning exercises at Station WOR. Left to right—Beverly, Braunda, Beulah, Byrnece, Helen and Mr. Macfadden

end of the bath, but never higher than this. This bath is used very frequently in the Macfadden home for all sorts of complaints that are induced by over-nourishment or the accumulation of foreign elements or poisons in the blood.

This method is also used by the Macfadden family when they have to treat a cold or a similar minor ailment.

For one or two days, according to the violence of your child's complaint, use nothing but fruit. After that, for a week, feed milk only, and see that he does not gulp it down. Milk is a food as well as a liquid. Mr. Macfadden says, "Milk must be masticated; take slowly and sip it, thus thoroughly tasting it before swallowing."

When a cold is present, thirst is greater than at normal times. Lemon or orange juice (honey is also good) placed in water, makes a delicious drink and helps to allay the irritation of the throat.

The Macfadden children drink quantities of honey water. Mr. Macfadden feels that honey is splendid for nourishment and taken in water at the time one has a cold, is extremely efficacious. The little patient may drink it as freely as he desires. He has never seen a child who did not like honey water.

Now if a sore throat has accompanied the cold, the pain will usually ease up if you take a little lemon and salt and put it in water (ordinary salt will do) and use it as a gargle

or spray. It will help to allay the irritation of the membrane.

Perhaps, too, the child's nose is almost raw from rubbing it. A wee bit of cold cream or lanoline, placed in each nostril, will be of comfort.

Then at night, put on a cold throat pack, and when you take it off the next morning, bathe the neck in cold water. You need not be afraid of cold water.

The Macfadden children swim out of doors in all kinds of weather. It makes but little difference to them how cold it is. Cold water is one of the good friends nature has given us, and as young as those children are, they realize it.

If your child is over-nourished, follow a fruit and water fast for two to four days, after that give him fruit, milk and vegetables as his main diet for some time.

Now that you have come this far, you must keep up the good work. Do not go back to the candy habit. Refuse him the ice cream cone which, perhaps, he has had several times a day. If you have made up your mind that your child can have no more lollipops or candy, ice cream soda and pastry, stick to your resolution. Not once must you give in to him, or you may have no peace in the future.

Chapter XI

Sex Education—Birth Control—Marriage—Motherhood

As to the matter of their sex education, the Macfadden children received no actual instruction. The parents wait until the child asks questions and then answer simply and directly. As on every other score in life, they refuse to deceive their children in any phase. They tell them truthfully and directly.

Too many people give attention only, or principally, to the erotic and emotional phases of sex. It is this degenerate tendency which brings the blush to the face of the ordinary prudish person when the topic is touched upon. It is the same tendency which has degraded this relationship between men and women to the level of a ribald joke whenever it is mentioned.

The process of eliminating all liability of sexual destruction from the lives of your children must be started when they are babies, Mr. Macfadden says. Do not make a mistake of thinking that the small piece of adorable flesh, flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone, is an angel. The child is a mortal like yourself, with all the frailties and passions that make him a human being. Indeed, without them he

would be of little use on this earth. There is nothing of so small valuation as a sexless thing.

Mr. Macfadden insists that not in all this world is there a being so to be pitied as the boy or girl, untaught of the evils surrounding him, who has succumbed to the secret, self-destroying habit of self-abuse. Like a monster, who eats in to the vitals of humanity, the temptation is always present, always urging the child to keep on the sub-rosa path which leads, if not to death in youth, to destroyed nerves and as age advances to a broken-down constitution.

Mr. Macfadden says that almost a hundred per cent of the world's children could be saved this shameful affliction if their parents had an iota of sense—just good common sense—and less false modesty. He has no patience with the parent who, after disaster falls upon his young, whines that he did the best he could to bring up his son in the way he should go.

"There is too much secrecy cloaked about the sexual relation, and the process through which children are born into the world. Think of a sane, intelligent person telling a child that a stork placed the new baby on the doorstep, or that the doctor brought it in his satchel! Appallingly absurd!"

He is very earnest in his statement that a man or a boy cannot be too courteous to a woman. To be polite, kind, to his mother, his sisters and his girl friends shows the glow

of manhood in the young masculine heart. A youth should always be taught this stupendous fact; the female of the species is the mother of the world. She is to be respected at all times by the male because of the holy office she holds among men.

The popular belief that a girl must be shielded when she does not know what she is being shielded against, or from whom, is one of the most pernicious ideas which has taken root in the home life of America, to the sorrow of many a girl, and to many a child who comes into the world without a name. If the girl had known enough to refuse; if the boy had only been taught never to ask, mother's tears and father's heartbreak would never have been.

To make a suggestive secret of the relation a man holds to a woman is to breed impurity in thought, so says Mr. Macfadden. Naturally a child imagines if he is hushed to silence every time he asks a question as to how he came into the world, or the reason for his being here at all, that it is something disgusting, something to keep under cover and not to be spoken of in the light of day. When to the contrary, it is even more necessary for him to know the intricacies of his wonderful body than it is for him to fill his brain with information about the ancient Romans.

"Even in a young baby a tendency may be noticed to harm himself," warns Bernarr Macfadden. "This happens at such a tender age because the child has not been kept

clean. Secretions, not washed away by water, will cause irritation, burning and itching, which the little fellow doesn't know how to allay by any method save his hands. It is a crime both father and mother will suffer for in the future of their child, if every possible precaution is not taken to prevent him from forming bad habits. As he advances in years, the habit increases and often fastens itself on a growing child through an overwrought imagination, a poorly nourished body and a mind crammed full in school of the experiences of those men and women who brag of their Rabelaisian, amorous actions through long pages, not only of history, but between the covers of books called classics."

Unclean reading without morals or purity is placed in the hands of our children at the very age when nature is prodding them to be men and women, when indeed they understand, if at all, their impulses and inclinations but poorly, and have received little or no instruction from those older and presumably wiser than themselves.

"So much do most boys and girls have to contend with, that it is a wonder that they come from the college grind with any health at all or with one sound moral," Mr. Macfadden asserted. "Yet many of them do, thank God! Our younger generation is a credit to the world. The question is how to make it easier for them, how to alleviate the suffering of their young minds and bodies."

The majority of children are left to learn the secret of their being from older children, who have already acquired filthy tricks from servants, or other adults, who delight in degrading the minds of youth. If every boy and girl were enlightened upon the sex question when he is still at his mother's knee, how many frightful hours of sorrow and vain remorse would be saved the poor sufferers!

Mr. Macfadden has talked with hundreds of people who were ill, and discovered that bad habits, contracted in youth were often to blame for the condition of health in many cases.

It is simply a false state of mind that leads the parent of a growing child to consider it "nasty" to speak about sex and sexual conditions. That parent is to be pitied, too. He does not know any better than to place his fingers on his lips and be silent.

As soon as a young Macfadden is old enough to understand ordinary words, he is told how he came to be a Macfadden and his mission on earth. The uses of his body are explained to him in language uplifted and easily comprehended. It is not suggested that there is anything immoral about a baby's genesis or progress into the world. It is nothing of which to be ashamed. To the contrary it is a royal journey to be proud of.

Another important caution which Mr. Macfadden made is this:

The clothing which is used to protect a child's body should indeed be as light as the climate and the season will permit. Heavy, hot bedding at night inflames the young passions, and these, added to spicy food, heavily peppered, and salted dishes of underdone meats and rich gravies are errors in the average household which make even more difficult the youngster's progress to maturity. It is one of Mr. Macfadden's contentions that if a child is trained to get out of bed the moment he is awake, the temptation to bad habits is two-thirds abated. Do remember that! Not for a moment after the rising bell rings, do the Macfadden children linger under the covers. They are up and out upon the floor instantly, a glowing, healthy set of lovely children.

It has not as yet been completely demonstrated, but experiments and tests made by Mr. Macfadden and others, tend to show that there is a close relation between the diet and the manifestations of sexual passion. The conventional diet acts as an irritant spur to the imagination as well as to the physical expressions of sex activity. A simpler regimen, both in quantity and quality, has the opposite effect. Whether special vitamines in certain substances, whether the stimulating tendencies of meats and condiments or the cooling effects of the natural diet cause this result, has not been established. Enough has been determined, however, to convince Mr. Macfadden that the regimen he gives his children is helpful in aiding them to gain and keep in control their sex natures.

He disapproves heartily of licentious, underworld material which is put in some sex novels. These novels and stories written without an outstanding moral purpose excite the passions and debase the mind. He differentiates between the good and the bad in this way: the sorrow and humiliation of a person who comes through what he considers the pleasures of a moment, never tempt another to sin in the same manner.

For the publication of the periodicals of which he is editor he has received, and is receiving, much censure, but that censure comes from the prudery and false modesty of small minds which do not realize that evil must be brought into the open and be thus destroyed. A covered, unventilated cess-pool will always give off bad odors. Sunshine and clear, purifying air will eliminate the stench together with the cause of it. And so it is with moral turpitude. Mr. Macfadden contends and constantly preaches that if through home training or reading, young boys are taught the sorrow which comes upon them when they show improper respect, not only to their own bodies, but also to the bodies of others, there would be fewer illegitimate children born into the world, fewer broken hearts and many less young men with the brand of Cain upon their brows.

Not that Bernarr Macfadden believes that a child, born out of wedlock, is inferior to one born with a clergyman's stamp upon it. He does not. Every child is precious in the sight of God and should be in the sight of men.

Because some lovesick girl has neglected to insist upon her marriage license, then according to the conventions of the day, she must be ostracized for all time. That is all wrong.

The little child should be legitimate whether there has been a marriage or not. He should take his place in the lives of other men without being compelled to live down the slurs and contempt which are now an outrageous and unjust part of our social institutions.

But to go back to the difference in sex stories—which is mighty broad. In several of the Macfadden publications personal confessions are printed. Sad, ineffably sad, are most of these tales. They came out of the hearts of remorseful boys and girls, a great many of them still young and eager to help other youth by recounting their experiences.

Mr. Macfadden is persuaded that forgiveness regenerates more sinners than punishment. He contends and is convinced that any girl, reading one of the heartbroken tales, published in his magazines, would not desire to go and do likewise. In fact he has tangible proof of it. Letters, hundreds and thousands of them, pour into his editorial offices, containing expressions of gratitude for the lessons the readers have learned from the woes of others, lessons they should have been taught at home.

Incidentally here, Bernarr Macfadden's views on many subjects in the matters of sex relations are radical, under-

standing, and broad-minded, and surely those who have so persecuted him for his open, fearless beliefs are moral cowards, or people so sheltered they have not had to face the perils of ignorance.

For example the reprinting of one of Bernarr Macfadden's editorials from the *New York Evening Graphic* on a highly contended matter, is a proof of his earnest desire to understand and help all such problems. Read how a father of seven children, a dyed-in-the-wool family man speaks on birth control:

Birth Control For The Poor

Many people have radical ideas on birth control.

The law maintains that knowledge of this character shall not be given to any one.

A sentence and fine is the penalty for breaking this law.

As a result of this statute, any one with influence, financial or otherwise, can secure the information desired on this important theme; but if you happen to be poor, struggling along on small wages, you are denied such information.

Mrs. Edith Cromwell of Bridgeport, Conn., has had thirteen children.

Only four of these children are alive.

Her husband, it was stated, believes she should continue to have children.

She believes otherwise.

She had her husband arrested, stating that she has been used for a breeding animal long enough.

He was released, and the result of this legal contest is not difficult to determine. He was unlawfully arrested.

But it is a species of rank injustice that the fruits of the law make it a crime to disseminate birth control information

Who will say that this woman should not be supplied with this information?

Who will dare to maintain that it is not a crime to keep information of this character away from her?

Within the last ten years she has become an old woman through child bearing.

The conditions we find as a result of the law against birth control are not unlike those brought about by prohibition.

The rich man can buy all the liquor he wants, whenever he wants it.

If you have a sufficient amount of this world's goods you can supply yourself abundantly with information referring to birth control.

If your finances are meager and you are in a situation where you believe that birth control knowledge must be secured, you have to take the "bootleg" kind; and the result of such misinformation often brings serious injuries and sometimes death.

Birth control is absolutely necessary in this particular age.

It is being used universally in the homes of the high and low, rich and poor; and the law which makes the dissemination of such knowledge a crime causes untold suffering.

Those who use birth control measures should have the benefit of knowledge that will prevent them from injuring themselves; and as long as such a law exists such knowledge is difficult to procure.

Let us hope that some day this law will be annulled, thus helping to save thousands of woman from the crime of abortion and many other forms of self-injury, often bringing weakness, disease and premature death.

Mr. Macfadden always believes in sun baths in the nude, and the children have always enjoyed this extremely beneficial practice, but nudity is never anything unusual and no point is made of it.

"I never force nudity on the children," Mr. Macfadden says. "There is no thought in our family of being ashamed of our bodies, but we do not obtrude nudity. We never remark upon it, and neither discuss it nor avoid it. It has happened upon occasions that the children have come into my room, or come upon me in the sun porch when I am naked, and I have made it a point to pay no attention,

to show no embarrassment, and to talk to them as casually as I would at the dinner table."

Mrs. Macfadden on the other hand deserves great admiration for the simply unaffective and truly wholesome way with which she treated the matters of motherhood and child-birth. She told about the babies as they came, treating it as a matter of joy and happy anticipation, and conducting herself exactly as she would under ordinary conditions. The children have never seen their mother disturbed, unhappy or in the slightest degree distressed at the thought of her own discomfort. The children would no more think of making this subject a point of discussion than they would politics.

But certainly the greatest of all rules that the Macfaddens make a religion of is the keynote that all families should observe. Never do the children see unpleasantness or a quarrel between their parents. If Mr. or Mrs. Macfadden have any fussing, or settling of misunderstandings to do, they do it in private. The children have rarely heard one speak an unkind or sharp word to the other.

The children usually rise at six or seven and breakfast at eight. The younger children usually go to bed without any argument at eight-thirty, and the older ones at nine or nine-thirty, with lights out at ten.

It is both Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden's belief that every girl as well as every boy should be fitted to earn a living and

be self-supporting, and they are bringing their children up with this in view, seeing to it that they learn, and learn well, as many useful things as is possible, from typewriting to cooking. They don't believe in the modern psychologists' idea that parents should be as undemonstrative as they can towards their children. Children yearn for love and affection and the repressed idea is abnormal. For the normal instinct prompts affection and responds to the show of affection, and without love there is no inspiration; and life is a cut and dried spiritless existence, filled only with a sense of duty. Furthermore, life is difficult at best, and a childhood of love and affection and attention will be a happy period in their memories no matter how old they may grow. No one in life can give a child the love that a parent can give.

Here are two strong, beautiful messages on the subject of affection taken from various issues of the *New York Evening Graphic*:—

Marry For Love

Marriage becomes a divine institution when love is the guiding star. Some people marry for love. It then assumes a compelling, irresistible charm that cannot be denied.

Financial and social advancements are often an unholy influence.

And if the victims of such an unnatural union were the

only ones that suffered we might condone the offense; but such an alliance outrages every human instinct, and happiness, the one great factor that means so much to life, can never be attained under such circumstances.

The principal sufferers are the children born from a loveless marriage.

They are always neutral and frequently abnormal types.

They never have the ardor and dash that indicate the possesion of a dominating entity, a striking personality that stands out vividly.

The Almighty never intended that mere passion or passing fancy should draw men and women into the divine sanctuary of marriage.

There must be a driving, impelling fascination. There must be a flaming desire for possession that controls one to the very last degree.

It is love like this that makes a dependable marriage, and insures an inheritance that is spirited and zestful.

Such children frequently have an outstanding personality with a flaming spirit that almost links them to the Divinity.

Do not contract a loveless marriage, no matter what advantages it might offer you in money or fame.

It will always be the source of bitter regret. It can never bring life's most divine possession—happiness.

And if you do assume such an unspeakable contract, at least hope that your union will be childless.

Mrs. Macfadden and Byrnece.

Mary Williamson Macfadden—who asks no career or fame further than being the best wife, mother and home-maker she knows how!

Such a sacrilegious heritage curses a child before birth; and not infrequently such children are so lacking in stamina that they are defective in mind and body.

They help fill the asylums, homes for idiots, etc.

They are but little more than human riffraff.

They are an abomination to themselves and to everybody associated with them.

An all-absorbing love is the only impelling force that authorizes the creation of new human souls. And a really divine inheritance can be expected from such a marriage.

Mother Love

We are in the habit of exalting love to the skies.

In prose and poetry this all-absorbing passion is painted in glowing colors.

And it doubtless deserves all the praise that is bestowed upon it.

But romantic love that guides and controls that attraction between the sexes is distinctly selfish.

There are instances where it is otherwise, but usually it is the pleasure that one expects or receives that makes this emotion so entrancingly enticing.

There is a certain exquisitely satisfying delight associated with the mere presence of the loved one. And when his or her presence ceases to bring a dreamy content the allurement of love quickly fades away.

But mother love is an enthralling emotion that literally encompasses one's entire being. There is absolutely nothing selfish about it.

The real mother is at all times imbued with the one thought of benefiting her offspring.

Her one great outstanding desire is to ease his pathway, to help him in every way to make a success of his life.

No sacrifice is too great to accomplish this purpose.

A mother will often work her fingers to the bone, day after day, year after year, to promote the happiness of her child.

Through trials and tribulations, often of the severest type, mothers stand back of their children.

And if the emergency arises in which even life itself must be sacrificed to save a beloved child, a mother will never hesitate.

No matter who deserts you; the entire world may be arrayed against you; you may be surrounded by bitter enemies who fear and hate you—but your mother will stand serenely by your side, defending you to the very last.

The love of a mother is at all times dependable, stable, unyielding, inflexible.

You may be placed where honors are showered upon you, or you may sink to the level of Murderers' Row, but your mother will never desert you.

There is something regally divine about the love of a mother.

It is a great, enthralling, soul-encompassing passion that no words can fittingly describe.

We cannot compare sex love, which brings us our great romance, with a mother love. They are not in the same class. They belong to a different sphere.

One is more dependable than life itself; the other is unstable, and at times as changeable as the winds.

According to Bernarr Macfadden a childless home is empty and void. The sunshine of baby laughter, the chatter of children's voices give more joy than about anything else in the world. There is no doubt but that children do add to the burdens of their parents, but looking at it in its broad sense, one profits by the sacrifices made by one's self for the sake of one's children. Here is illustrated the divine law that your giving is the measure of your receiving.

I think I hear you say, "Well, it's all right with the Macfaddens. They have money and can hire people to look after their children."

But that was not the situation when Mary began to bring forth her brood. She did all her own work, and took care of her first babies herself with but little help on occasions. It may be merely an interesting coincidence but the fact

remains that the Macfaddens' prosperity has kept pace with the growth of their family. Remember, things do not just happen. There must be a cause for every result. And in this connection it is also worthy of note, that probably there are no father and mother who devote more individual attention to their children than Bernarr and Mary Macfadden. It is astonishing with the hosts of other duties that are theirs that they do give so much of their real selves to their little ones. Physical culture and right living have given these parents the poise that makes them able to withstand the nerve tension that goes along with a house full of children.

The subject of living and working rightly before a baby arrives has always been an exceedingly interesting and important one. If young, expectant mothers only knew what to do, how to live, there would be fewer wrecked women, fewer puny children in the world.

On September thirtieth the following editorial appeared in the *Graphic* with Bernarr Macfadden's name signed:

Needless Death From Motherhood

Approximately twenty thousand mothers die in childbirth every year in the United States.

This is an appalling death rate to occur in the fulfillment of woman's natural function.

Can you conceive of a rose bush dying from blooming or an oak tree dying from putting forth acorns?

This terrible death rate is unnatural and avoidable.

The *Herald* of Washington, D. C., stated in its issue of September 7th:

"Although the United States leads in medical research and has the world's finest hospitals, its percentage of deaths from childbirth is among the highest of civilized nations, the American Red Cross announced yesterday."

Katlin tells us of his visit to the Pawnee-Pitts, a powerful Indian tribe formerly living on the headwaters of the Arkansas River and at the base of the Rocky Mountains, that upon inquiring of their chief, he was told "none of our women die in childbirth."

They had no medical attention on such occasions.

The chief of the Winnebagoes, in Wisconsin, told him: "Our women never die in childbirth, and they do not allow doctors to attend them on such occasions."

Childbirth is wrongly blamed as the cause of the death among our women.

The present habit of regarding pregnancy as a disease and childbirth as a surgical operation is false.

Practically all the so-called "symptoms of pregnancy" are symptoms of disease, and are the result of wrong living, particularly wrong eating and lack of exercise.

There is no reason why any woman who is normally developed, and who properly cares for herself should approach motherhood with fear and trembling.

Unfortunately, many women are defectively developed.

This is due to faulty diet, lack of sunshine and lack of appropriate exercise during the period of development, to high-heeled shoes, corsets, sitting all day in the school room and to devitalizing habits.

Parent and educational systems are at fault.

These do not give the growing, developing girl an opportunity to develop normally.

Our educational system could not have been better designed to unfit girls for motherhood had we set out deliberately to bring this about.

When we become truly civilized this shameful death rate will be ended.

There is not, indeed there cannot be any subject more interesting to a woman than how to bring her wee ones into the world safely and with as little pain as possible. Of late years the birth of a baby has become a more serious matter, and both Mary and Bernarr insist it is because girls are not taught the right way to live before they have reached maturity. Then after the adolescent age has been attained, the young woman does not use her body enough to make it strong.

A great deal of the trouble and fear has come upon womanhood through the medical fraternity. The young

physician who for some reason or other has continually the words, "Be careful," upon his lips for the expectant mother, is the greatest menace she meets during the nine months' period of gestation. She must keep off her feet, he instructs. She must visit him constantly during the time she is carrying the baby so that he may be sure that her organs are in good condition.

Think of his daring to interfere with nature in such a way!

"Doesn't it seem strange to you," Mary once said, "that the perfectly normal happenings to a woman should be called 'sickness'? And why should a woman be called 'sick' every twenty-eight days, simply because her body is functioning naturally? If it didn't, then truly would she be sick."

Mary Macfadden is a rare type of perfect and natural woman. She has often played a strenuous game of tennis at a time when another of her less enlightened sisters would have been in bed. Her normal mind refused to be polluted by the quirks that have eradicated the good sense of the women who do know what they should do, and harm those who do not.

One cannot help but admire a character like Mary Macfadden's. While her life is filled with care, she has that happy faculty of seeming free from the burden of it. Whenever she comes into a room, you realize a personality

has entered. Every minute of the day she is giving out of her storehouse of health and royal good nature. Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden have certain exercises which they go through with reasonable regularity. They preach physical culture and they live it daily themselves.

Expectant mothers should draw a plan to follow during the time they are carrying their babies. Eat food which will nourish you and make strong the little being at rest under your heart. Be thankful he is there every moment of the day. Get out and walk in spite of other duties which try to prevent you.

This advice is particularly for the mother who has not an over-abundance of means. She knows the multitudinous motions that must be gone through with during the long and arduous days.

So does Mary Macfadden. Many times has she traveled the road you are now on.

The trying duties seem endless. There's sewing to be done, mending and all sorts of tiresome jobs. If you happen already to be a mother, naturally there is much more to do than if this were your first baby. Avoid doing unnecessary things!

Now Bernarr points out that there is so much done for the coming infant which he does not need at all, and so much left undone which would be beneficial all through his life, among which, and chiefly, is the care his mother

takes of herself before he is born. He does not need frills and laces on his frocks and skirts, nor tucks, nor ribbons, nor furbelows of any kind. Go out of doors, and be sure not to think of the duties you have left behind. They won't run away. Above you is the sky. Think of that! You cannot look up and up into the blue or the clouds without standing erect.

How seldom you see a pregnant mother with the flash of youth in her face! Almost always is she pasty and tired-looking. But she would not be so if she would make the effort Mary Macfadden has made.

So to go back to the plan you have decided to follow:

To walk each day under the clear, bright sky or under any weather conditions. Keep out of doors!

Chapter XII

The Macfadden Kitchen

The question of food in the Macfadden household is extremely important. The children rarely eat at the table with the family until they are six years old. They rarely are permitted at the table when visitors are being entertained until they are eight years old. Mr. Macfadden has a pretty active interest in the kitchen and anyone who knows his physical culture cook book will appreciate all that he has accomplished on the subject of menu and its preparation.

It is under his instructions that the food is prepared, and in some cases he actually does the cooking himself. Very little meat is used by the family, and of what is used, chicken and beef are favorites. Fruits, vegetables, milk and cereal are important items in their daily diet. On their breakfast table there is a large selection of foods from which the family may take their choice. Various dishes of raisins, dates, raw prunes, figs, several kinds of nuts, and cereals (generally shredded wheat and pep), fresh butter, homemade bread and muffins, and always a large pot of honey. Those who wish may order an egg.

The Macfadden family eat better than the average family,

but they eat intelligently. Their food is always cooked so that the delicious flavors of each item is preserved.

"It's no sin to like good food and eat all one wants of it," Mr. Macfadden insists. "The sin in eating consists in gorging the stomach with an indigestible mass of different edibles, which in many menus are actually unfit to eat all the way up from soup to nuts. As an important point, it is necessary to daily happiness not to do anything unless you do it joyously. Eat joyously, play joyously, and then as a matter of course, you'll sleep joyously. See? All those things make up the joy of living. The man who eats in an unhappy frame of mind is likely to be attacked by a good case of indigestion before he goes to bed."

No one can grumble that he is not able to find on the Macfadden table something to suit his palate, no matter how finicky he might be. Surely the best food in the world is served up at that home in all its palatable variety! Up there among those happy children, it is not just to eat, and anything to eat, and get it over as quickly as possible. It is a joyous occasion.

Everyone of his children is taught that his body is a sacred thing, and he must learn how to take care of it in every way.

According to Bernarr Macfadden, the body is not merely a dwelling place of the soul which has by hook or crook gotten down here to ripen its experiences in a few short

years. He insists that man is the temple of the living God, of that all-wise Intelligence which he discovered had an all-wise plan for His creatures; that man's functions, each clean and beautiful in itself, are but the several expressions of the creative principle which underlies and overlies all life and intelligence. How then, if a man abuses his body, breaks down his health, can he express the intelligence given him as a birthright? Supreme over all else is to know how to live. A large part of living is eating. Bernarr advocates not that one should live to eat, but that he should eat to live. Let the table serve the day's activities. The joy of living is found in temperance and self-restraint, not in satiety and repletion. "To eat or not to eat," and to know this absolutely to its dividing line, is Mr. Macfadden's daily lesson to his family and what he writes for the public.

Speaking of the worries most men have, and the seeming impossibility for them not to fret at meals, Mr. Macfadden denies this necessity. He claims that man is the master of his own thinking, and in reviewing his case one must admit that he has worries and anxieties enough, what between his growing business and its many employees and his growing family with its seven unfolding individualities. Yet he never permits extraneous problems to interfere with his complete participation in the simple joys of his dinner table.

Here is a man who by all reports has come to be an un-

usual vital force from the merest wreck of a boy (a boy who cured himself of a tendency to consumption). His own personal need of health forced him from the ordinary paths of human thinking into the broader ways of right living. Once having found the path, there was no stopping him, and after he had proved that man can make himself what he wants to be by doing it, he started in to help everyone else who would listen to him. A person will live joyously if he follows the instructions laid down in his magazine, *Physical Culture*.

Rigidly and in entireness does he keep to his own rules, and he leads his own children in his footsteps.

There are no unhealthful tricks carried out in the Macfadden kitchen, no unwholesome or high seasoning of food to tempt a child either to overburden his stomach or to eat when his system does not call for nourishment.

As there are so many, it is necessary to provide a variety of different kinds of food. The old adage, "Eat what is set before you, child, and be silent," is a dead letter at the Macfadden table. The father of this family does not believe that a child should be seen and not heard. Nothing like that at Nyack! Yet while each child speaks, if she has anything to say, she is invariably courteous if she happens to break in on another's conversation. The table manners of these children could be envied by most adults. No little hearts burning from sharp rebuke, no caustic

word or sudden, hushing gesture from the parent. Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden usually listen to one of their children with as much courtesy as they do to a cherished friend.

Mr. Macfadden's opinion on this point is well expressed: "You do not see a guest long enough at a time either to lose your patience with his foibles or to find a quality uncongenial to your own qualities, which is so apt to happen in a family. Most fathers come home, tired out, perhaps in pain, carrying their business worries back with them. They feel the desire for absolute quiet, and they are on such familiar footing with their wives and children that they hold no rein on their tempers. The overworked, sensitive mother is obliged to save herself by constantly cautioning her little ones to keep still, and if through the exuberance of youth or their own unsteady nerves they cannot keep still, they are sent peremptorily from the table and to bed. By the time they are ten years old, they are scared to death of their father, sorry to see him come home and glad to see him go. Nearly all mothers stand in awe of their husbands as far as their children are concerned. I verily believe the ordinary child is pampered by his mother, expressly to soothe his hot, hurt little heart after a brutal speech from his father."

Now right here there might be a hint for the wives who are sorrowing over their growling husbands. Mr. Macfadden says that underlying nearly all home trouble is the

A view of the dining room at the Englewood home.

A corner of the living room at Englewood.

A view of one of the sleeping porches. Note how the mattress is made right on the floor!

daily menu. There is in the food served not enough of the health-giving elements. The nerves are not properly nourished, and consequently at the first little thing they disrupt and go to pieces. White bread, purchased at the store, in which there is nothing but starch, potatoes which have the same fault, a piece of meat and a desert make up the ordinary dinner. Too much starch in the bread and potatoes; too much protein in the meat; too few vitamines in any of them! The usual dessert, put into the stomach at the end of the meal is generally indigestible in itself, to say nothing of mixing it up with the other food.

In order that you may see exactly what Mr. Macfadden is driving at, here are two menus given by him, both of which include meat foods and which illustrate the difference between an unbalanced or deficient diet and a balanced and adequate one.

A Deficient Menu

Breakfast

Oatmeal with cream and sugar
Hot cakes with glucose or sugar syrup
Sausages
Coffee

Dinner

Roast beef with gravy

Mashed potatoes
White bread and nut margarine
Canned corn
Apple pie

Supper

Beef broth with crackers
Salmon patties
White bread with nut margarine
Rice or tapioca pudding
Tea and cakes

An Adequate Menu

Breakfast

Whole-wheat bread or muffins with honey and dairy butter
An orange, or soaked prunes and nuts
Cocoa or cereal coffee with plenty of cream or rich milk

Dinner

Kale or other greens
Eggs or beef or other meat
Corn bread and butter
Pumpkin Pie
Cereal Coffee

Supper

Cream of celery soup
Salmon and lettuce salad
Whole-wheat bread and dairy butter
Fruit gelatine dessert
Grape juice punch

Mr. Macfadden points out that the first of these menus would be unsafe for a growing child or a person of sedentary occupation. Those who are interested in a more elaborate discussion of this subject will find Mr. Macfadden's book, "Eating for Health and Strength" very helpful.

A small electric mill in their kitchen when once set going, grinds the flour from wheat or corn out of which all bread stuff is made. An electric washing machine lightens the laundry work, and a machine which beats an egg to a froth and whips cream until it stands alone in less time than it takes to tell it; one may well be sure that all these things help keep their cook good-natured.

Every day the cook has a menu furnished by Mrs. Macfadden, so she does not have to rack her brains for variety. Here is one taken at random by the writer when spending a day at the Macfadden home.

Breakfast

Sliced oranges

Corn waffles
Honey
Milk or buttermilk

Luncheon

Cheese omelet
Luncheon salad
Bran muffins
Banana whip

Dinner

Cream of asparagus soup
Peanut cutlets
Escalloped parsnips
Maple cup custard
Bran tea or buttermilk

An explanation of the contents of the luncheon salad will perhaps be of interest to the housewife. It contained pimentos, grated cheese, olives, rice, cream and lettuce. Sounds good, doesn't it? Do you see anything about that day's eating that resembles chopped up straw or corn husks?

The writer watched the cook make the omelet, and this is what she used, a double recipe, no doubt, because there were so many mouths to feed:

Ten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese.

She beat the eggs without separating the whites from the yokes and added the cheese and milk.

Possibly the reason a great many people have an unfavorable impression of health foods is because among them there are so many dry flakes and biscuits.

For breakfast there were dishes of dry cereals and pitchers of rich thick cream. A Lazy Susan whirled around in her place, and in one of her sections were muffets and shredded wheat biscuits, which by the way are much more palatable if split and toasted and eaten with butter or cream.

Bernarr Macfadden has another quality which is splendid in either man or woman, and he uses it overtime in his family life: He is not afraid to change his mind. He does not consider it a sign of weakness to say he is wrong. If he sees one of his notions is not working out as it should, he drops it instantly and seeks another in its place.

For example it is well known that he is opposed to a meat diet for more reasons than one. He eats very little meat himself, and little is served upon his table. When Byrnece was about two years old, she did not seem to thrive on the food he had prepared for her. He experimented with every vitamine bearing food, and still the little thing did not pick up. One day he surprised his wife by saying:

"I'm going to try a meat diet on that child."

And he did! He gave her nothing but chopped beef, put on the stove in cold water—one half pint to one quarter pound of meat and boiled for one minute, flavored with salt and lemon juice. What man with opinions as fixed as his would have admitted he was wrong in any way or would have tried a method which he had previously condemned?

Of course the feeding of children is a science and to attempt to teach here all that Mr. Macfadden has studied and learned in his long career as a physical culturist would be both inappropriate and impossible. In his own books are the most elaborate and accurate directions for feeding children.

As striking examples of Bernarr Macfadden's common-sense views on food, a few editorials from the *New York Evening Graphic* are taken at random and quoted here.

Don't Make a Garbage Can of Your Stomach

Garbage is not a pleasant subject.

But undigested food that has been retained in the stomach for a long period is worse than garbage.

The heat of the body accelerates the fermenting process and you have a mass of partly decomposed foods that are a menace to health and even life. When you are tempted to eat without a proper appetite, recall to mind the appear-

ance of the contents of a garbage can. Remember that when this food enters your stomach uncalled for, undesired, it is waste, *garbage,* and your alimentary canal must assume the task of ridding itself of this dangerous mixture.

The average doctor will tell you that nearly all diseases begin in the stomach and alimentary canal. The body is poisoned by the absorption of the putrid mass that is often harbored therein.

Such evils usually come from overeating, or eating without an appetite.

When food tastes delicious, its enjoyment stimulates the activity of all the glands that furnish the digestive juices, and when food enters the stomach at such times it is easily and quickly digested.

But when you eat without hunger, the digestive secretions are not furnished; the food lies in the stomach undigested, sometimes for many hours.

You often have indigestion, sometimes pains in the stomach, and you have the incomprehensible audacity to wonder why you feel so bad.

Learn how to eat to satisfy your individual needs.

The statement that one man's food is another man's poison is not dependable by any means; but your prejudices to the selection of foods should be consulted sufficiently to insure the thorough enjoyment of your food.

We do not dig our graves with our teeth, as many people

are inclined to think; but we do hasten the grave-digging process when we fail to properly use our teeth by thoroughly masticating everything we eat.

We help ourselves toward the grave by eating far beyond our bodily needs; not occasionally, but daily, in many instances.

The comparison of undigested food in your stomach with garbage may be disgusting, but those who are in the habit of stuffing their stomachs to the limit need to be shocked into the realization of the death-dealing mistake they are making.

Autointoxication, the fancy name for self-poisoning, is the principal disease that carries people to the cemetery prematurely. It is the beginning of nearly all serious diseases.

A clean alimentary canal will insure one against this serious complaint.

When the tongue is coated, the breath offensive, it is a definite warning of an early death unless some effective method of cleaning the stomach through fasting or a rigid eliminating diet of some sort is adopted.

Be sure that the quantity and quality of your food are above criticism.

Be sure to drink freely of pure water.

The internal cleansing process will then be materially hastened.

Many people are greatly impressed with the necessity for a clean face, frequent bathing.

But a clean alimentary canal is many times more important.

And you cannot be assured of a possession of this character unless you acquire the knowledge essential to direct your eating habits.

Do not make a garbage can of your stomach!

Treat your stomach as you would a dear friend, and it will repay you for this kindness in a munificent manner.

Drinking at Meals

There is a great difference of opinion as to whether or not liquid should be taken at meals.

Many health enthusiasts maintain that one should liquefy everything he eats with saliva, and that digestion is carried on much more satisfactorily when this plan is followed.

If one were to eat dry food in accordance with this procedure he would have to have a liberal supply of saliva. The chemical process which takes place in the mouth during mastication would then be complete in every respect.

But you cannot make people follow a plan of this sort; and perhaps it might not be desirable in every way, for eating must be associated with a certain amount of gustatory enjoyment.

If food tastes delicious to you, the activities of the glands of the stomach are stimulated, and when the food reaches the stomach the chemical elements essential to its digestion and assimilation are ready to receive it.

The principal complaint against drinking at meal time is directed against the old-time American habit of washing down food that has been improperly masticated.

One who is in the habit of gulping his food may need to take a drink occasionally to avoid choking.

It is this sort of drinking at meals that should be condemned to the last degree.

Our eating habits have been largely inherited from our ancestors.

The tendency of this age is to make everything as easy as possible. Many of our foods are chewed up in steel mills. Our teeth are required to do but little work.

Drinking at meal time to satisfy actual thirst is really advantageous.

If one drinks water freely between meals, as a rule there is no special need to drink at meal time, though there should be no objection to a nourishing soup or even to a hot drink that is free from injurious stimulants.

If you have neglected to supply yourself with sufficient liquid between meals your food will usually digest far more satisfactorily if you drink at meal time at the demands of actual thirst; although it is a mistake to drink a large

quantity of ice-cold liquids. Nor can the other extreme be commended. A large quantity of very hot drinks at meal time is not desirable.

All surplus liquid in the stomach is usually absorbed, leaving the digestive juices to do the necessary work.

Therefore, each individual will have to learn his special needs.

If you are thirsty at meal time, drink to satisfy your thirst, but by all means avoid the habit of washing down food which you have failed to properly masticate.

Hot tea and coffee are the most popular drinks, and if these beverages are used very strong their stimulating characteristics might bring about undesirable results, especially if more than one cup is taken at a meal.

The craving, therefore, is usually for a hot drink, and if one desires to break oneself of a habit of this sort a coffee substitute or some other drink can be supplied, or the coffee or tea can be made gradually weaker each day until it is but little more than hot water.

However, remember, it is usually better to do your drinking between meals. Liquid at meal time is inadvisable unless it is necessary to satisfy a very definite thirst.

What Doctors Should Know About Cooking

Our bodies are made from the food that we eat.

Cooking is not considered especially important, but it makes and unmakes people everywhere.

You are just as good as your cook will allow you to be. It is her recipes and her general plan of preparing your meals that make you healthy or otherwise.

Modern doctors have realized the tremendous importance of cooking and are familiarizing themselves with many of its associated details.

Recently a course in cooking was given at Johns Hopkins University for the benefit of the students.

Cooking should be considered especially important in every medical school. Doctors naturally want to build health. They have to have knowledge of the necessary means of adding to the vitality of their patients, and if all their efforts are without avail because the cook in the kitchen fails to furnish the proper food they should have the necessary knowledge to prescribe a remedy.

Dr. Harrop, Jr., maintains that every good physician should be a good cook. We indorse that opinion most emphatically.

It is stated that the Johns Hopkins course is to make this teaching specific, to translate food prescriptions into dishes for the patients' tray. And if this is actually accomplished a very important advance in the treatment of patients everywhere can be expected.

Nearly all our diseases are caused by improper feeding.

The food business at present is highly commercialized. For generations we have allowed our taste to dictate as to the kind and character of the food we eat.

The preparatory process of some foods removes many of the vital elements essential to properly nourish the body. This course is pursued in many instances merely to insure the keeping qualities of the food. And because of this evil many people are starving to death with a full stomach.

It is not how much you eat, but what you eat and how you eat it that gives you the buoyant, dynamic health which everybody so keenly desires.

When the day comes that doctors can tell us what to eat and how to prepare the food that we are eating, cooking will undoubtedly make a step forward that will be everywhere emphatically commended.

Here are a few outstanding recipes over which anyone who has ever visited the Macfadden home for dinner can whole-heartedly enthuse:

A full meal! A delicious main course, packed with nourishment and tasty enough for any palate.

Vegetable Roast

½ pound ground peas

½ pound ground beans
1 cup whole-wheat bread-crumbs
carrots, celery, onions
2 eggs

Make a vegetable stew of chopped carrots, celery and onions; then stir in the peas and beans, set on the back of the stove, and allow to simmer for one hour, or until thick. Pour out into a dish, and let stand until next day; then add a cupful of whole-wheat bread-crumbs and two eggs. Form into a loaf, roll in bread-crumbs, put into an oiled pan, and bake one hour or until browned on the outside. To serve cut in slices, and pour over them a little gravy made of carrots and onions, thickened with flour and seasoned with lemon juice.

It is a draw between this and the Physical Culture Steak for popularity. This recipe, however, is built on meat.

Physical Culture Steak

½ pound chopped lean steak
2 cups whole-wheat bread
2 ounces finely chopped onions
a little salt and pepper

Soak bread, then squeeze it as dry as possible. Knead well with the chopped meat and seasoning, make into patties, and fry or broil. Egg or milk may be added, and the

mixture may also be made into a loaf and baked in the oven.

Bernarr Macfadden's chief favorite in any meal (sometimes making it a meal in itself) is soup. And his favorite soup is Pea Soup for which he has a choice recipe:

Pea Soup

1 cup yellow split peas
1 large onion
1 cup cream

Wash the peas carefully, and cook in two and one-half quarts of water. Add the sliced onion, cover and cook slowly for four hours, stirring occasionally. If the soup boils too thick, add a little more water. Add a cup of hot cream just before serving.

But he has experimented with many unusual concoctions in the soup line and perhaps his most unique and most delicious of these is:

Apple and Nut Soup

2 cups grated apple pulp
½ cup finely chopped nuts
1 teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg
¼ cup honey

Beat the apple pulp, nut meats and spices, and add hot

water and honey. This may be served without further cooking.

The bread used in the Macfadden household has been spoken of before. It is such a prize delicacy—such a wholesome and good tasting item that a meal could be made of Bernarr Macfadden's whole-wheat bread. He has devised several recipes for this, but the simplest is presented here. A try at this recipe will make anyone a convert for life.

The Housewife's Method

13½ cups whole wheat flour
5 cups lukewarm water
1¼ cups milk
1 level tablespoonful butter
3 level tablespoonfuls sugar
2 level tablespoonfuls salt
1 cake yeast

Put the yeast in a cup of lukewarm water before you do anything else, and set it aside to dissolve. Next, season as desired with salt, sugar, butter and milk, add four cups of lukewarm water, being sure to have the water warm enough so that the completed mixture will be lukewarm.

To this combination add the dissolved yeast. Be sure that the whole thing is lukewarm. Insufficient warmth will ruin the result.

Now add the flour, and turn in a bread-mixer for seven minutes. A mixer is a great convenience, as this dough is very thin and sticky.

Cover the top of the mixer, and let it stand in a warm place for from four to six hours. If the dough takes six hours to rise, it has had insufficient heat either in the mixing or during the rising period, and the bread will probably not turn out as well as it should. The ideal rising period is a trifle over four hours. The dough should rise till it is almost twice as high in the mixer as at first.

Divide the dough into three parts, put it in buttered breadpans, and set aside in a warm place till it rises to the top of the pans. Before rising in the pans the dough will fill them a little more than half full, if they be full-sized pans. The rising should take eighteen to twenty minutes, and a good way to get enough warmth to cause this rapid rise is to light your oven and place the dough near it.

When you put your bread in the oven, be sure that the latter is very hot. After the bread has been in this heat for five minutes, turn the burners lower, to the point which will give what you ordinarily consider a "moderate oven." Bake for fifty-five or sixty minutes, changing the location of the pans in the oven occasionally, so that all sides will bake evenly. On removing from the oven butter the tops of the loaves, and let them stand to cool. As a result of this method of baking the loaves will have a thick, firm crust,

and the bread itself will be light. Don't cut the bread until the next day, and when you do, use a very sharp knife.

And as for dessert! The Macfaddens have a weakness for ice cream, but theirs is a rich, heavenly mixture that lifts a mere sweet into the realms of full nourishment. Any parent who takes the trouble of serving this delightful confection will have no trouble with the growing child who craves forbidden goodies.

Strawberry Parfait

4 yolks eggs
1 cup sugar
½ pint whipped cream
1 quart strawberries
½ cup water

Make a syrup of the sugar and water. Beat the egg yolks, and add the syrup while continuing the beating. Cook this mixture until it coats the spoon like custard. Remove from the fire and whip until it is cold and light. Add the crushed strawberries and sugar, and lastly fold in the whipped cream. Pack in a mold and bury it in ice and salt for four hours.

Chocolate Ice Cream

3 ounces unsweetened chocolate
1 pint milk

1 tablespoonful vanilla

1½ cups sugar

1 cup boiling water

1 pint cream or evaporated milk

Pour the boiling water over the chocolate, and cook until dissolved. Then add sugar, and cook until smooth and thick.

Cool, add the other ingredients, and freeze.

These and hundreds of other rare and valuable health recipes may be found in the Physical Culture Cook Book which Bernarr Macfadden publishes, and which should be on the kitchen shelf of every wise housekeeper.

Chapter XIII

Habits and Hobbies

Life in the Macfadden family flowed peacefully and contentedly for more than a year. They were happy in their Nyack home three quarters of the year, improving it and enjoying it, and spending a few winter months in New York, where they attended concerts and theaters and the operas, and where Mrs. Macfadden took the older girls around teaching them the real value of intelligent shopping. One or two amusing incidents occurred in Nyack: once there was a fire that broke out in the kitchen, and Mr. Macfadden and the gardener had to chop away the floor around the stove which had been installed faultily, for of course, sheeting of zinc must be put under a coal stove. This was their third, but minor fire. For once at the age of two Byrnece had come near burning down the house, and once a fire, which was not serious, had broken out in their Nyack garage.

Another amusing and exciting incident occurred when Mr. Macfadden was awakened from his sleep on the porch in midwinter by strange noises which immediately aroused his suspicions. He saw a figure steal stealthily to the garage, heard him give the call of a whippoorwill. Promptly

Mr. Macfadden answered it and others that followed. He realize there were burglars after his car. He got up, went downstairs by himself and got his gun. Mr. Macfadden felt very brave—until he examined the car he had saved to find that the water pump was frozen and that the robber could not have stolen it anyway!

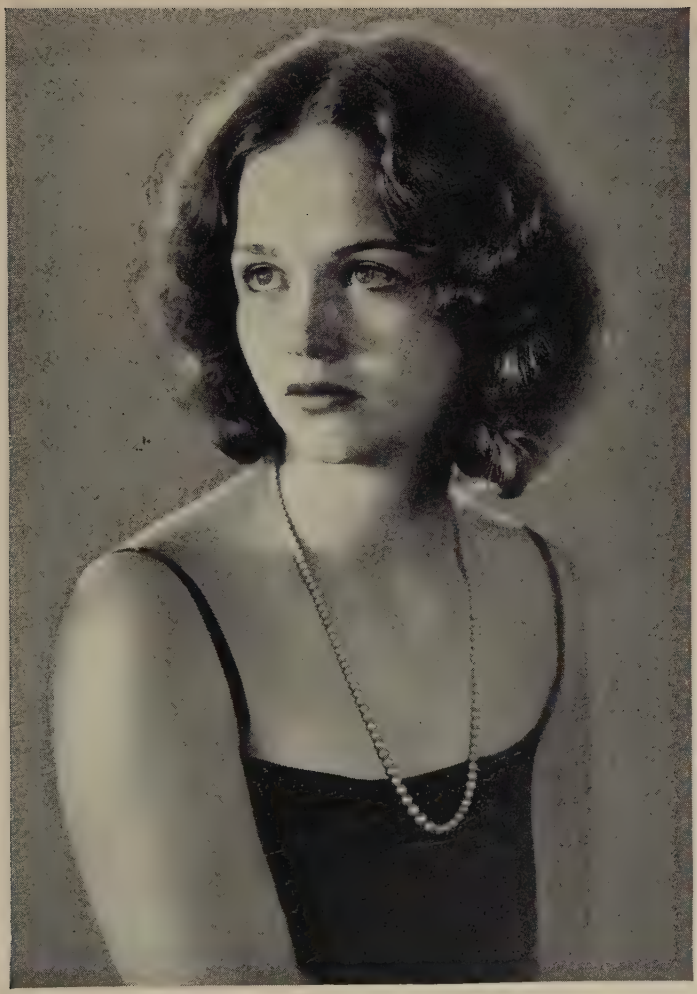
The *Graphic* was well under way by now, and in the various well-remembered shows that the paper gave for poor children with the coöperation of the biggest stars on Broadway, the four little Macfadden girls did a dance act and proved themselves capable of making a specialty on any bill. Helen Macfadden had studied extensively, and was able to carry a dancing specialty by herself. She is a talented and beautiful girl, who is today in an act with her own company at the Publix Theaters, appearing as *The Perfect Girl,* in a tabloid presentation of the Physical Culture idea. Throughout the length and breadth of the country, in the leading theaters of metropolitan cities, this extravagant presentation takes place, and once a week a special morning matinée is held for women only, at which Helen Macfadden goes through several exercises assisted by 12 of the girls from the chorus. During these lectures sometimes the whole and often times part of an entire motion picture, *Health Is the Greatest Wealth,* a cinema of the Macfadden family life, is shown. Her future in the theater promises to be of the highest; she has made her start,

proven her worth and the field is open to her with limitless opportunities.

Byrnece, too, has been a source of extreme gratification to her father's teaching. She is still too young to face the world in any career. But at the age of twelve and a half, George Gray Barnard made of her a cast which proves her to be the perfect specimen of young girlhood that she is. She is blooming into an unusually rare beauty, which, with her sweetness of manner, her interest in life and her really charming personality, should carry her far.

On Christmas 1924, the children did something which defies duplication from almost any well-known star. The *Graphic* gave a gigantic, a sensational Kiddies' party in Central Park on the Mall, where an airplane laden with balloons and toys for the poor children arrived (the first time an airplane landed off Central Park), and where again the great lights of Broadway such as Ted Lewis, Will Rogers, Reginald Warenrath, Ann Pennington and a host of others, not to mention the midgets and elephants from the circus, performed. And on this outdoor program, at eight above zero, the Macfadden children danced in costumes that consisted of trunks and brassieres. They did their dance and their stunts—and not one of them caught a cold from the experience.

The children also performed in one of Mr. Macfadden's moving pictures, for around this time Bernarr Macfadden



The most recent photographic study of Byrnece Macfadden, who is just blossoming into womanhood.

This is the cast of Byrnece Macfadden at the age of twelve and a half.

had turned his interest to the field of motion pictures—another of his numerous glorified and strenuous hobbies! He made eight moving pictures to wit:

Wrongdoers was made in 1925. Lionel Barrymore was the star of this production. Hugh Dierker directed the opus, and the cast included Anne Cornwall, Henry Hull, recruited from the legitimate stage, and the heavy was played by Henry Sedley. Helen Macfadden did a very fine dance in one sequence of *The Wrongdoers.* There was a mask ball given by the Robin Hood of the lower East Side, Lionel Barrymore, and Helen Macfadden danced at this magnificent entertainment.

False Pride was also made by the Astor Distributing Corporation, and distributed by them. It was likewise directed by Hugh Dierker and the cast included Owen Moore, and Fair Binney.

Broken Homes was the next picture directed by Hugh Dierker. In this cast was Gaston Glass, Alice Lake, J. Barney Sherry and Jane Jennings. Mr. Macfadden's company made the whole picture and distributed it to the state franchises.

Wives at Auction was the next picture, which was directed by Elmer Clifton. Clifton had made *Down to the Sea in Ships. Wives at Auction* had in its cast Gaston Glass, Edna Murphy and others. This picture was also distributed through the state franchise medium.

Things Wives Tell was another Clifton production, including in the cast Alice Lake, George Hackathorne and Charles Beyer.

The Truth About Men was made by Hugh Dierker and included in its cast were Gaston Glass, Edna Murphy, Tammany Young and others.

Men Women Love was made by Clifton and it had in its cast Sigrid Holmquist, Niles Welch, Ruth Stonehouse, Warner Richmond and J. Barney Sherry. In this picture a big reception was given to Sigrid Holmquist, the Metropolitan opera star, at the home of Niles Welch. It was an elaborate affair and from an oil painting in the background out came four Macfadden children, including Byrnece, Beulah, Braunda, and Beverly, and danced.

The Virgin Wife, the last production, was directed by Elmer Clifton. The cast included Pauline Garon, Niles Welsh, Charles Beyer.

The first True Story Picture made by FBO was *Sinners in Love,* a tale of a small-town girl coming to New York to seek fame and happiness. It was the result of a story having appeared in *True Story Magazine* in May and June of 1925 under the title *The Law You Can't Forget.* This picture was released beginning November 1928, to some of America's biggest theaters and will continue to be in active distribution for at least a year to come on subsequent runs.

Sinners in Love was directed by George Melford, a

veteran in the show business and the man who made *The Sheik* with Rudolph Valentino. The cast of the True Story Picture includes Olive Borden, Huntley Gordon, Seena Owen, and Daphne Pollard.

The production forces on the West Coast, at this writing, are engaged in the making of the second True Story Picture. The title will be *The Woman I Love*. That will also be directed by George Melford. The cast, not yet made up entirely, thus far includes Norman Kerry and Bob Frazer.

When a cast of Mr. Macfadden was made by the sculptors of the George Gray Barnard studios, the Pathé cameraman ground out several hundred feet of film during the process of making the mold. This loomed up to be an extremely interesting subject, and it received national distribution through the medium of Pathé Review, playing undoubtedly in about 4,600 theaters.

Two reels were made up during Mr. Macfadden's sixtieth year of himself doing vigorous exercises, and also of the family. The camera penetrated the interior of his home and gave a sort of cinematic biography of his actual activities.

A cinematic history of *Health Is the Greatest Wealth* in which Mr. Macfadden appears has been shown to important statesmen in America. It is unreeled at various big functions. At the Woman's Forum, held at Carnegie Hall, New York, on several occasions it has also been shown.

A new enterprise—another recent hobby—was undertaken in 1929 in the form of the Bernarr Macfadden Hotel. It is particularly interesting to note that almost all of Mr. Macfadden's hobbies are not only constructive achievements, but are helpful to others. The Bernarr Macfadden Hotel is a health resort in Dansville, New York, 77 miles east of Buffalo, one of the most beautiful, luxurious and comfortable places of its kind in the country. Situated on the western slope of a heavily wooded hillside overlooking the Genesee Valley, 800 feet above sea level. The Bernarr Macfadden Hotel can accommodate 200 guests. He has equipped it with every modern device for rest, recreation, and health treatments. He has attendants specializing in methods for treatments of Anemia, Asthma, Autointoxication, Catarrh, Constipation, Diabetes, Heart Diseases, Influenza, Insomnia Obesity, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Stomach Diseases, Thinness and all other non-contagious diseases. While there is a resident licensed physician registered under the laws of New York State, Mr. Macfadden himself completely supervises all treatments, and the entire organization of his Health Hotel, and it is he who has attended to the complete installation of the Hydropathic Department, the Swedish Massages and the Alcohol, Salt, Ice and Oil rubs, all of which are available to all guests. He has also made possible every known form of bath for his patrons, including the Molière, Steam and Electric Cabinet, Nauheim, Sitz, Brine as well as

Aix, and Scotch douches and the various packs and fomentations. The general atmosphere is one of such beauty, charm and delight, from its beautiful lounges, its delicious meals, its tennis courts, swimming pools, lakes, golf courses, bridle paths—even to the possibility of engaging separate cottages for families and parties preferring complete privacy, that the Bernarr Macfadden Hotel bids fair to add another outstanding success to the man's endless achievements.

Chapter XIV

A New Home

Along about 1927 the Macfadden family was spreading so in its interests, the daughters were growing into young ladies, and the activities of the family were becoming so wide-spread that Bernarr Macfadden and Mary Macfadden began to entertain the thought of a more modern home nearer the city so that their inconveniences could be lessened, and so that Mr. Macfadden would not have to spend so much time traveling to and fro.

It took several years of searching to find themselves a home which combined all the beauties of nature, the conveniences of modern civilization and the privacy they desired. Finally they chose a magnificent estate in Englewood, New Jersey just across the river from the Dyckman Street Ferry in New York City.

There are eighteen acres of magnificent ground with a large beautiful lake on which to their joy they found wild ducks already nesting. To this little feathered family Mary Macfadden added four beautiful white swans. In the middle of the lake is a raft for diving. There is also a long rustic bridge, a rowboat and a canoe.

Again the Macfaddens showed their weakness for water-

A view of the Macfadden home in Englewood, taken from the water-falls. On the grounds they have a swimming pool, tennis court, miniature golf course, basketball and archery equipment, swings, iron rings, jumping bars, and practically every other know equipment for outdoor sports.

Mr. Macfadden and Helen in a tennis match on their court in Nyack. Bernarr Macfadden pays a dollar to whichever daughter can beat him at a set! (Note the archery equipment at right of tennis court.)

falls, for on these grounds is a charming water-fall almost fairy-like in its beauty, for it advances by rippling stages in a series of steps, tumbling gracefully over mossy ledges, A water-fall that is fully twenty feet wide, under the gentle shadows of great stalwart oaks.

The house itself is almost a mansion, an imposing stucco castle, with long slanting red roof, and enormous windows —aristocratic in its simplicity. There are twenty-eight rooms in the house and almost each is large enough to be broken up into a modern two room apartment. One might say that the Macfaddens had at least found sufficient room —but already there has been building! Enormous sun bath porches have been added and Mrs. Macfadden is planning a log cabin studio as a private little refuge for Mr. Macfadden's work.

There is an enormous four car garage over which there is a complete eight room apartment for the chauffeur and his wife and children.

The grounds are a riot of beauty and peace—gorgeous expanses of rose gardens, beautifully laid out lawns and paths near the house, edging off into complete wildness and natural beauty farther away. Only the vegetable garden (almost an acre) is the source of any interference from Mr. Macfadden in the gardener's complete domain.

It so happened that after much dickering and lingering arrangements, the actual purchase of this estate came at a

time when Bernarr Macfadden was planning a trip to England—a trip that would mean considerable honor to him as will be explained later. For some time Mrs. Macfadden wavered in her decision as to whether to accompany her husband and enjoy watching him receive his tributes and revisit the land of her birth, or whether to remain at home and prepare for their moving.

The wife won out over the society woman. A plan formed itself in her mind, and enthusiastically and energetically she threw herself into the achievement of this plan, after seeing her husband off on the boat. Before her lay an enormous task. The huge house at Englewood had to be furnished and draped, and it was her dream to have the entire family ensconced in their new home and surprise Bernarr upon his return by welcoming him to Englewood instead of Nyack. It was hot weather, and it was a gigantic undertaking for any one woman, for it is no simple matter to uproot a family of nine and reestablish them comfortably in a month; particularly when all new things had to be chosen and purchased.

Mary felt that it was time for the girls to own and appreciate real boudoirs instead of the little white cotted bedrooms that they had known so far.

But she achieved this dream to the thorough bewilderment of her husband upon his return, and Mary Macfadden has made at Englewood a home that any woman in the

land would be proud of. Dignified and restful and exquisitely appointed, charming in every detail—plus every known modern equipment and convenience that could ease the burden of running a large household.

Here they feel that they are permanently settled. Here they entertain extensively, and here within a half hour's drive from the heart of New York City, they are living on and carrying out their dreams. If there is any complaint to be made about their Englewood home, it is Mr. Macfadden's disappointment that the walk from his door to his office is all too short. For Mr. Macfadden walks to business very frequently, and the twenty or more miles from Nyack to his office was more to his liking than the few miles from Englewood.

To return to Mr. Macfadden's trip abroad at this time, he had been invited to a dinner given in his honor at the House of Commons by Sir Nicholas Grattan-Doyle of Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Wednesday evening November 16, 1927, and subsequently on the evening of November 21, 1927, another complimentary dinner was tendered him at Piccadilly Hotel. Among some of the notables who attended to pay him tribute were: Lord Decies, Lord Kylsant, Sir William Bull, Bt., M.P., Sir John Leight, Bt., M.P., Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, Bt., Sir Robert Burton Chadwick, M.P., Sir Edward Iliffe, M.P. The Lord Mayor of Belfast, Sir John Power, M.P., Sir Francis Watson, M.P., Sir Henry

Slesser, K.C., M.P., Sir Thomas Piggott, Sir A. Brumwell Thomas, M.P., Sir Herbert Blain, Mrs. Hilton Philipson, M.P., Col. W. H. Burton, M.P., Lt. Colonel A. England, M.P., Lt. Colonel A. P. Heneage, M.P., Lt. Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, M.P., Major C. W. M. Price, M.P., Mr. C. Atkinson, K.C., M.P., Dr. A. V. Davies, M.P., Captain V. A. Cazalet, M.P., Captain J. G. Fairfax, M.P., Colonel Elway Jones, Captain Reginald Berkeley, Mr. Patrick MacGill, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Jr., Mr. A. St. John Adcock, Miss Rebecca West, Mr. Philip Emanuel, also Col. the Hon. C. James, M.P., A. J. Jephcott, Esq., M.P., Col. R. Kapplin, M.P., R. Hopkins Morris, Esq., M.P., Sir A. Butt, M.P., R. Waddinton, Esq., M.P., Sir C. Kinlock Cooke, M.P., Sir H. Foster, M.P., Sir Charles Higham, Right Hon. Sir James O'Connor, K.C., Sir W. Waine, M.P., C. G. Ammon, Esq., M.P., Andrew Reid, Esq., Sir R. Richardson, M.P., Sir R. Lynn, M.P., R. Storry Dean, Esq., M.P., Sir C. Wilson, M.P., Major Braithwaite, M.P., S. Finburgh, Esq., M.P., J. Sullivan, Esq., M.P., R. Dennison, Esq., M.P., J. M. M. Erskine, Esq., M.P., A. Maclaren, Esq., M.P., Sir R. Bird, M.P., E. T. Campbell, Esq., M.P., Right Hon. W. Adamson, M.P., John McCormack, The Rev. H. Dunnico, M.P., L. Hore Belisha, Esq., M.P., Capt. Garro Jones, M.P., A. West Russell, Esq., M.P., R. G. Clarry, Esq., M.P., and Sir P. Ford, M.P.

During his short trip in London, Mr. Macfadden was

dined and entertained by numerous outstanding lights in London. Perhaps the most interesting visit to him was the one he paid to George Bernard Shaw. The admiration that he feels for this great writer is clearly shown in an editorial about him in the *New York Evening Graphic* later:

George Bernard Shaw is a remarkable example of mental freedom.

He has no set belief.

When I was in London last year I had the pleasure of visiting this modern genius; and it is truly an unusual privilege to meet a man with a mind so absolutely free from bondage.

Every thought he uttered was, to a certain extent, a sledge-hammer blow to conventionalism.

George Bernard Shaw knows what he knows. He hasn't picked it up from some authority. He has possessed himself of knowledge.

And in spite of the inexhaustible fund of information that he carries in his mental laboratory, he is not dictatorial or bombastic.

He is far from the position of some know-it-all people.

He is still willing to learn. He has the open mind which is essential to a really educated man.

But his clear skin and sprightliness prove the value of his vegetarian diet.

He does not believe in eating corpses, as he terms them.

Meat he has never eaten, and he never expects to change this dietetic rule of his.

He looks as though he might live to be a centenarian.

Although now approaching his seventy-third year, there are no signs of the senility you see in the average man of this age.

Brain and body synchronize, work together to the very last degree.

Chapter XV

An Aviation Enthusiast

Airplanes have been mentioned before in the long list of Mr. Macfadden's strenuous hobbies. Mr. Macfadden bought his first plane in 1927 and his first pilot was one of Lindbergh's first instructors, Errold Bohl. His present pilot is Captain Bebans. The plane is kept in a private hangar at Teterboro Field, New Jersey near Hasbrouck Heights, just twenty minutes from his home.

Bernarr Macfadden loves flying as if he had been born to it. His interest in aviation matters is boundless and his efforts to help along the progress of our country on this score are tireless. Night after night in the *New York Evening Graphic* for more than two years Bernarr Macfadden has urged more air ports and regular air systems, for passenger service, offering prizes of planes and instruction to readers; urging young people to enter the field of aviation; suggesting government subsidizing, and urging the building of more planes for the defense of our country.

He is constantly making trips here and there, and this, perhaps, he has found the greatest thrill and the greatest joy of his career. He will tell with a gleaming light of excitement in his keen brown eyes how he left his office at

9:30 A.M., flew down to Washington to meet the President, and flew back—so that he was back at his desk at 64th Street and Broadway at 4:00 o'clock that afternoon. He flies to his Castle Heights School to be present at the drilling of the cadets or at any other ceremony and instead of spending a sleepless night in the train, the few hours of exhilarating air travel will bring him to Tennessee and back again the same day. He flew to the Democratic Convention and the Republican Convention in 1928. Incidentally he was the first man to congratulate Hoover on his nomination, and the first man to shake hands with Smith after his nomination. On another trip he flew to Detroit at Mr. Ford's invitation, and saw the start of the Aerial Derby. He loves it. He flies as much as he can.

Mrs. Macfadden on the other hand never feels quite at home in a plane, and prefers to follow her husband on their country trips in a private railway car. At the time that he flew to the Democratic Convention, Mrs. Macfadden went to Houston by boat and brought the five girls with her to enjoy the trip.

Upon one occasion the entire family down to tiny Bruce reveled in a two weeks' trip down to the Castle Heights School, traveling in a private car and enjoying themselves thoroughly.

It is a joy to Mrs. Macfadden that her family is attaining the age where she can travel with them in comfort and

An unusually fine family group. Left to right, top row: Braunda, Mrs. Macfadden Beulah, Mr. Macfadden and Helen. Below: Beverly, Berwyn, Brewster and Byrnece.

Little Beverly gives Jack Dempsey a taste of her prowess.

pleasure, and she keenly relishes seeing their enthusiasms and noting their joyous sharing of their trips, for Mrs. Macfadden is the sort of mother who could not completely enjoy herself on any trip away from her family. Now that the girls have reached the age where traveling means something to them and the boys have passed the age of cumbersome inconvenience, she plans frequent trips here and there, not only for her own pleasure, but for the furthering of her children's education.

The children are not permitted air travel—except, of course, when the girls were given the thrill of "going up." But Bernarr Macfadden not only enjoys his airplane for its efficiency and interest, but because of the new and unbelievable beauties of the world that it has opened to him. This world of ours is an entirely different proposition when viewed from a height of from one to ten thousand feet and who knows but what the airplane will open up a new sense of proportion and a far greater realization of unattainable beauty.

At dinner one night at their Englewood home, the writer heard Mr. Macfadden describe a "view" which had inspired him to rhapsodize:

"When I was returning from the Kansas City Republican Convention I saw one of the most wonderful sunsets that I ever expect to witness," he related with ardent enthusiasm. "We were traveling quite high—over 10,000 feet. We had

found it necessary to go up to this height to get a west wind. For quite a while we were, as the pilot said, bucking an east wind and he began to mount higher and higher with a view of finding a wind in the opposite direction which the pilots will tell you they can usually secure.

"While enjoying this rarified air at this extreme height, I happened to look around. It was about an hour before sunset. The view that met my gaze on that occasion was indeed amazing. I called the attention of the pilot to it and he turned the plane around so I could see it more advantageously.

"About 5,000 feet below me was a floor of clouds as white as marble. In fact, they looked like marble of different degrees of whiteness. Near the horizon the clouds were more dense and were solidly white. But the view above the horizon was amazingly beautiful. There was the blue of the sky of different hues. Clouds here and there, some looking like gold and others like silver and you could see all different hues of gold and silver.

"I gazed at this view for I don't know how long, simply entranced in its extraordinary beauty. In fact, I do not believe I can ever forget it. I have never seen a sunset that approaches it, though the pilot stated that on rare occasions he had seen similar views."

In one particular editorial which Bernarr Macfadden wrote in the *New York Evening Graphic* in July 1928, he

shows again in his own words how impressive is his deep enthusiasm for aviation.

Flying With the Wind—The Thrill of Aerial Travel

The joys of flying are hard to describe.

My trips to the conventions at Kansas City and Houston were delightful experiences. To be sure, I had some lessons in flying and had lost the fear that is ordinarily associated with rushing through the air at the speed of the wind. And, by the way, this common phrase would have to be changed, for the speed of the airplane will out-distance the wind at any time.

Storms, for example, that all experienced aviators greatly fear, can be out-distanced, though the ordinary procedure when an aviator comes in contact with a storm, is to go around it.

Capable pilots rarely dive right into the storms. They have good reasons for being afraid of them.

Army officials claim that they have lost more aviators from storms than from any other cause. They are especially afraid of fogs, that make visibility difficult. If they are traveling over mountainous countries in a thick fog, the top of the mountain will often loom up ahead of them in such close proximity that they cannot avoid it. Consequently, they are dashed to a sudden death, and remnants of them and their planes are sometimes never even discovered.

In my last trip, we came from Houston to St. Louis in seven hours. The ordinary time for this trip by train is in the neighborhood of twenty-four hours. Part of this time the wind was behind us, and we were traveling from 140 to 150 miles an hour.

There is one thing about speed in flying that is surprising. You do not notice it as you do in a railroad train or in an automobile. You can be traveling two or more miles per minute and there will be but little evidence of this speed unless you are close to the ground. Then, of course, the passing scenery furnishes the necessary evidence.

But after the fear of the height at which you may be traveling has disappeared, and you can sit in the plane and enjoy the passing scenery, it is indeed delightfully pleasing. Unless you are traveling in a very rough wind, there is little or no movement to be noticed in a good airplane. You can read with as much comfort as if you were sitting in your own home. And those who, ordinarily, fear great heights, who are inclined to jump from the top of a tall building or when gazing over a mountainous abyss, will be surprised at the difference in their feeling while riding at a great height in an airplane. The sensation is not the same in any way. You have not the feeling of height or the fear of height. You just unconsciously glide into the air and gradually climb higher and higher and the sense of security gradually

becomes greater, especially if the weather is calm and you have a good pilot in charge of the ship.

We will always have a certain amount of rather thrilling experiences associated with flying and we will probably have many occasions to refer to them, but one that stands out in the memory very distinctly occurred while flying from St. Louis to Kansas City. I had a temporary pilot on that occasion, and he seemed a little nervous when we started on this short journey.

The pilot on this particular ship is separated from the passenger section, and there is a little hole about a foot square from which you can see the pilot's back, and through which notes can be passed back and forth.

The pilot on this occasion warned me to be sure to properly fasten my parachute, and if at any time he should throw his gloves through the opening referred to it was a danger signal and indicated that I should immediately jump.

Now, jumping out of a flying machine in a parachute is not an especially pleasing experience. Even weather-worn pilots have no liking for it. And the trip referred to happened to be rather rough on account of a storm we went through and on more than one occasion I was wondering whether or not the gloves would be thrown back through the opening.

Chapter XVI

"And So They Lived Happily Ever After . . ."

This, then, is an intimate summary of the lives of one of the most interesting families in our country. These pages have attempted to answer the eager questions of those who have been curious about Bernarr Macfadden's home life and routine. Here, in all frankness, is a history, not only of the joys and successes, ambitions and rare fortunes, but also of the struggles, the tragedies, the mistakes and the hardships of a brave couple who have forged their way to an enviable position.

Let any reader take this history for what it is worth. May he learn whatever lesson he can derive from this recital. May he find help and encouragement in the lives of others who have tried to do right by everyone they have come in contact with; who have made it their creed to live cleanly and to face work fearlessly, and who can face the world calmly with a full realization that they have done and are still doing their job to the best of their ability.

How many people wish they were millionaires! Here is the story of how a man made his millions, and how he and his family use their wealth. A man, at that, who started with no education, no home life, no loving parents

to encourage him, no money behind him and worst of all —no health! Did he whine and complain? Did he give himself up to the disease to which everyone had condemned him? Did he waste his years envying others and bemoaning his fate? No! He built up his health, redeemed his body from its fatal germs, made of himself a strong and vigorous man! He earned his money, made his millions, and helped many another to the foundation of a fortune! He gave himself an education, so that today he can meet any man on his own mental plane, and he fitted himself to be a great writer, editor and publisher. And he gave himself, finally, and perhaps most important of all, a happy and loving home.

We leave Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden and family now in their magnificent home, still carrying on in their earnest and simple routine, happy in each other, desiring no pretentious prestige. Whatever they may have achieved, whatever is still to be written in their stars, whatever distinction the world may give them, they have made good in the most sacred career that life can offer a man and a woman. They have been a good mother and a good father.

Here is a home of happy hearts, deep affections, and a full willingness to do their share in meeting life more than half way. Buoyant good spirits, and a cheerful outlook on life whatever its problems, are a rather high percentage to collect on clean living, outdoor exercise, sunshine, and com-

mon sense eating. This entire family is a hundred per cent proof of Mr. Macfadden's creeds. Mrs. Macfadden, the mother of a large and happy brood, is still young, girlish, the picture of health and good spirits, vitally interested in life, in her children's careers and futures, and in her husband's all-absorbing interests and activities. Helen Macfadden, the oldest of the girls, has no story-book ideas of how an "heiress" should act. She is engrossed in her career, out earning her own way and carrying on her father's great message, spreading it from city to city, typifying it by her very appearance. Byrnece is restless to follow in her lead, eager to forge her own way and make a career for herself. And the other girls will not be far behind.

Surely, here is a family that America can point to with pride. And the more who learn their great lesson of healthful living, the sooner will this nation develop a strength that will be absolutely invincible.

[The End]

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